

SAMOA—THE PHILIPPINES—HAVANA in this Number

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED

JOURNAL OF ART

LITERATURE AND

CURRENT EVENTS

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THE PHILADELPHIA IN ACTION

BOMBARDMENT OF MATAAFA STRONGHOLDS NEAR APIA, SAMOAN ISLANDS, BY THE UNITED STATES CRUISER PHILADELPHIA AND THE
BRITISH CRUISERS PORPOISE AND ROYALIST

DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY, AFTER CABLE DESPATCHES FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT AT APIA, BY H. REUTERDAHL

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AND CURRENT EVENTS

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NEW YORK APRIL FIFTEENTH 1899

PRESENT ASPECTS OF THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM

BEFORE THE national conventions meet in 1900, it is probable that each political party will be ready to formulate a definite programme as regards our relations to the Philippine archipelago. It can be, indeed, already foreseen what position will be taken by the Republicans, and the attitude of the Democracy is, apparently, foreshadowed in the utterances of Mr. W. J. Bryan and in the course which was pursued by most of the Democratic members of the Senate during the last session of Congress.

Events have shown that the suppression of the insurrection headed by Aguinaldo is a more serious undertaking than was, at first, supposed. At the hour when we write, just eleven months have elapsed since the naval power of Spain in the Far East was annihilated by Admiral Dewey, yet our soldiers have been able to occupy but an insignificant fraction of the island of Luzon, having advanced only about fifteen miles beyond the walls of Manila. Thus far, moreover, our troops have fought to a very large extent under the guns of our warships, an advantage which they will lose as they proceed into the interior. Slight as is the ground which we have thus far gained in Luzon, it has been acquired at a cost in killed and wounded much greater than were our aggregate losses during the active period of the war against Spain. That season of the year, moreover, during which military operations are generally deemed impracticable for white soldiers is at hand, and the insurgents, instead of throwing down their arms, may turn to account the interval of compulsory inaction on our part by reorganizing their forces and renewing their supplies of arms and ammunition. It will prove difficult, if not impossible, with the number of war vessels at our command, to establish so effective a blockade of the coasts of Luzon, as to prevent the transmission of munitions of war from Singapore, Hong Kong, or Yokohama, in all of which ports there are unscrupulous traders willing to act as Aguinaldo's agents. Unless, therefore, we can persuade by pacific means the chiefs of the insurgents to recognize the authority of the United States, we seem likely to find the subjugation of them a long and onerous task, which will be far from completion when the national conventions meet. Such, at least, may be expected to be our experience in Luzon, which is the largest and most densely populated of the islands. But little trouble, on the other hand, is anticipated from the members of the so-called Visayan group, the inhabitants of which, although about as far advanced in civilization, speak a language different from that of the Tagals, and are traditionally so hostile to the latter that they were employed by the Spaniards in the conquest of Luzon. As for Mindanao, which lies south of the Visayan group, and which is nearly as large as Pennsylvania, most of this island was unexplored by the Spaniards, and we have not, as yet, attempted to occupy any part of it. Neither have we, as yet, asserted our jurisdiction over the Sulu archipelago, the warlike denizens of which are Mohammedans as regards religion, and were formerly pirates by profession. To establish order and law throughout the Philippines, and to elevate all their inhabitants from barbarism to civilization, will, undoubtedly, require sagacious and unremitting efforts for at least half a century. Is the game worth the candle? The Democrats answer no. They predict that the retention of the islands will impose upon us for an indefinite period an annual outlay greatly exceeding any revenue that they can be counted on to yield, and the maintenance of a standing army amounting to a hundred thousand men. The existence of such a military force, they allege, is counter to our traditions, and irreconcilable with the spirit of our institutions. It would be wiser, they say, and cheaper, too, in the long run, to make over the Philippines as

a free gift to any foreign power that is willing to take charge of them, and that can be depended on to give them a reasonably good government. They add, however, that, although for us the Philippines are not worth holding, they might be sold for a considerable price, their geographical position being of great strategic value to powers interested in the Far East, while their agricultural and commercial capabilities are acknowledged to be vast. We may, at all events, take for granted that either Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany or Japan would, in return for a cession of sovereignty, gladly reimburse us for all the outlay made on account of the islands since May 1, 1898, including the twenty million dollars payable under the treaty to Spain. It has even been suggested by persons of influence in Washington that the consideration might take some other form than that of money. England, for instance, might be prevailed upon to exchange the British West Indies for the Philippines. We should, then, dominate the Caribbean and the northern coast of South America, and, through the market which we should offer for cane sugar, we should restore to the British Antilles the prosperity which they cannot otherwise regain. There is, apparently, no doubt that England would agree to the transaction. Her possessions in the Caribbean are a burden to her, and, so long as they remain in her hands, there is no prospect of a change. With the Philippines, on the other hand, she could do what she did with Java under the regime devised by Sir Stamford Raffles, when, in the course of a few years, the produce and the revenues of that island were multiplied many times.

In some such way, the problem of the Philippines would be solved by the Democracy. The Republicans take a different view of our duty and interest in the premises. They hold that we should neither retire from the islands, nor give them away, nor sell them. As for withdrawing from the Philippines and leaving them to the civil war and anarchy which would follow an attempt on the part of Aguinaldo to establish an independent government, this we cannot do, they urge, without a breach of the obligation imposed upon us by our treaty with Spain, which binds us to protect the lives and property of Spanish residents. We should also violate a fundamental rule of international law, which, from the moment that sovereignty passes to us from Spain, makes it incumbent on us to protect the lives and property of all foreigners sojourning in the archipelago. If we did not wish to assume this obligation, we should not have insisted upon making the cession of the Philippines a feature of the treaty of peace. The Democrats, who objected to the ratification of the treaty with Spain on the score of the clause relating to the Philippines, were logical; if the Republicans are to be equally logical in their turn, they cannot stop in the work of putting down the insurrection until they have restored peace and order throughout the islands. As it is, we shall be liable in damages for all the injuries inflicted upon foreigners by the insurgents after the ratifications of the peace treaty shall have been exchanged. As to the mooted transfer of the islands for money or territory to another power, public opinion would not justify the Administration in placing the Christianized Tagals and Visayas under Japan, nor in subjecting them to the rigorous treatment which is meted out to natives in the French and German colonies. The only powers to which, with any show of decency, we could surrender the islands would be Russia or Great Britain, and, in either case, we should, practically, acknowledge ourselves to be incapable of performing a function which others can discharge with ease. We do not believe that popular feeling in the United States would tolerate such a confession of national impotence. It would be tantamount to admitting that Russians and Englishmen alone have shoulders broad enough to bear the white man's burden. From the moment the treaty with Spain is concluded, certain weighty responsibilities in connection with the Philippines, with the development of their resources and the elevation of their inhabitants, will have devolved upon us, and, to shirk them, ill becomes a powerful and self-respecting nation. This is the view of the subject taken by the great majority of Republicans, and it is a view which is almost certain to be sanctioned at the ballot-box. Having taken the Philippines, we must make the best of them; in other words, we must continue to hold them until the inhabitants are qualified to organize and carry on an independent government, and, even then, we should, probably, insist upon controlling its foreign policy, and upon retaining for ourselves special privileges in the matter of coaling stations.

The Philippine question should be, primarily, approached and answered from the viewpoint of duty, but we, also, have a right to consider it from the viewpoint of interest. Most of the Republicans contend that it is greatly for the interest of the United States to keep the Philippine Archipelago not only on account of its intrinsic value, but on account of its strategic relation to China. The intrinsic value of the islands is obvious. They comprise an area nearly three times as large as that of Java, and, as the soil is equally fertile and the climatological conditions are more favorable, they should yield for export a quantity of commodities three times as great as is the surplus produced in Java, and they should easily support fifty millions of inhabitants. No less manifest is the strategic importance of the Philippines, offering, as they do, numerous stations for coaling and repair, to any power which is determined to hold fast its share of the present and prospective trade of the Celestial Empire.

THE WAR IN SAMOA

Poor war-harried Samoa is at it again, and this time the white man with his big guns and his ironclads takes a hand.

Possibly it would be more to the point to say "poor Mataafa"; for of a certainty Mataafa seems to have "gone up against it." He undertook to fight the six-inch rifles of the cruisers at long range, with Germany backing him up and urging him to keep at it. His fate was a foregone conclusion. He played with loaded dice—or loaded guns, which is worse. The mills of the nations may grind slowly, but poor Mataafa will resemble curry powder in more than the color when the millstones come finally together.

In the latter part of last year, when King Malietoa Laupepa departed this life to engage in a glorified copra trade in the seventh Samoan heavenly "speak house" reserved for kings, Mataafa, a chief, was chosen by election to succeed him. Mataafa did not, in fact, ascend the throne, but Malietoa Tanus, a rival chief, did, much to Mataafa's disgust. Now, it appears that the politics of the Samoan Islands are controlled by the velvet hand of the Berlin treaty—a treaty which has been called by many qualified names by the islanders, who had nothing to say in the matter of its provisions. Several years ago Germany, the United States, and Great Britain calmly arranged a protectorate of the islands, and Samoa looked on with wondering eyes. Three good big brothers had concluded to look after one bad little brother. As a matter of fact, the only one of the treaty powers possessing territorial rights in the United States, which own Pago-Pago (or Pango-Pango) Harbor, a coaling station. That only made the joke all the more excruciating.

According to terms of the tripartite treaty, the resident representative of the Powers (who, in this case, was Chief-Justice Chambers) practically had the right to put aside the elective choice of the unsophisticated islanders, if he saw fit so to do. Judge Chambers did see fit to put aside Mataafa and seat Malietoa Tanus. The treaty parties sat back and viewed the arrangement with satisfaction and approval. It was so simple.

But there was one little oversight. The Powers forgot to remember that never a Donegal man loves a fight as well as a good Samoan islander. Mataafa is a good Samoan, and, following his nature, he proceeded to look for trouble at once, accompanied by all his clansmen and relatives, similarly minded. They looted and they slaughtered, and they stole heads. A red reign of terror obtained throughout the country about Apia, and many of his former subjects were sent to join the late king, Malietoa Laupepa. There was so much fun going on that warships of Germany, Great Britain and the United States took a hand, and finally succeeded in temporarily suppressing the obstreperous Mataafa outfit. Only for a time, however, for the other day the whole row broke out again, losing not a particle of its virility from having been bottled up.

It would be a hopeless task to go into the intricate and tangled web of diplomatic complications that exist at Apia. It is a sort of four-cornered fight, with trimmings. A hundred-dollar Easter bonnet is a marvel of simplicity compared with the collated fabric of Samoan

politics. "Enter Rumor painted full of tongues," has been suggested as a Samoan coat of arms. At any rate, politics or no politics, the ancient Mataafa went in search of his blood enemy, Malietoa, and gave him another sound thrashing. The British cruiser Porpoise, then in Apia Harbor, landed marines and kept the ravening Mataafa and his feudal retainers off the consulates and foreigners generally. Following the example of the revolutionary Hawaiians, the Mataafa clan had organized a provisional government and seized the Supreme Court. The husky blue-jackets of the Porpoise put a prompt veto on this move, and when the United States cruiser Philadelphia arrived at the islands, the Berlin treaty was again on top and crowing.

The matter then began to assume a more serious aspect. It was all well enough for islander to kill islander. That was perfectly natural, and they had religiously held the persons of Europeans sacred up to the last outbreak. Now, however, British and American sailors were killed, and the Philadelphia and Porpoise, ignoring the protests of the Germans, jammed cartridges into the breech of the long cannons and went gunning for friend Mataafa. The cable reports coming by way of Auckland, New Zealand, make the "Americans and British fight splendidly together." That is nice and friendly, but it is awfully funny. Poor Mataafa found it rather a one-sided fight. His part consisted in dodging the bricks. He was the cock-sparrow that the boy with the sling-shot brought down from the tree.

When it became perfectly apparent that Mataafa ex-Rex had thoroughly made up his mind that he

wouldn't be good, the Philadelphia and the British cruisers Porpoise and Royalist proceeded to target practice. They bombarded the native villages along the shore, bowled over wandering Samoans, and wrecked the little grass houses. It proved such good fun, in fact, that they kept it up for eight days, intermittently. We are told that "villages were burned, and it is impossible to estimate the number of natives killed and injured." Poor natives! It must have occurred to almost every one who has read the cable despatches about this pitiful "war" that a squad of firemen armed with a three-inch hosepipe could have as effectually dispersed these bloodthirsty children of Nature.

Naturally, when the shooting began, Mataafa and his followers, like sensible gentlemen, simply danced on the lids of their Saratogas, took their mackintoshes and umbrellas from the hatrack and made for the interior, where they wouldn't get hurt. With Mataafa away, everybody concerned proceeded to issue proclamations and ultimata on every possible subject, and had a perfectly lovely time. The provisional government was dismissed (by proclamation); Mataafa was warned to gather up his dolls' clothes and go home and stay there (by ditto); the German consul "proclaimed" that the provisional government was the only genuine brand, all others being imitations; ultimata were issued as fast as the officers' secretaries could pound them out on the typewriters; sentries were shot in the legs (why, we are not told), and the spirit of the first Napoleon, hovering o'er the land, shed tears of envy at its inability to take a hand in the row, for Austerlitz, Jena, Waterloo, all dwindled away, and became as naught before the military and naval strategic, offensive and defensive, operations at Samoa in the far Pacific.

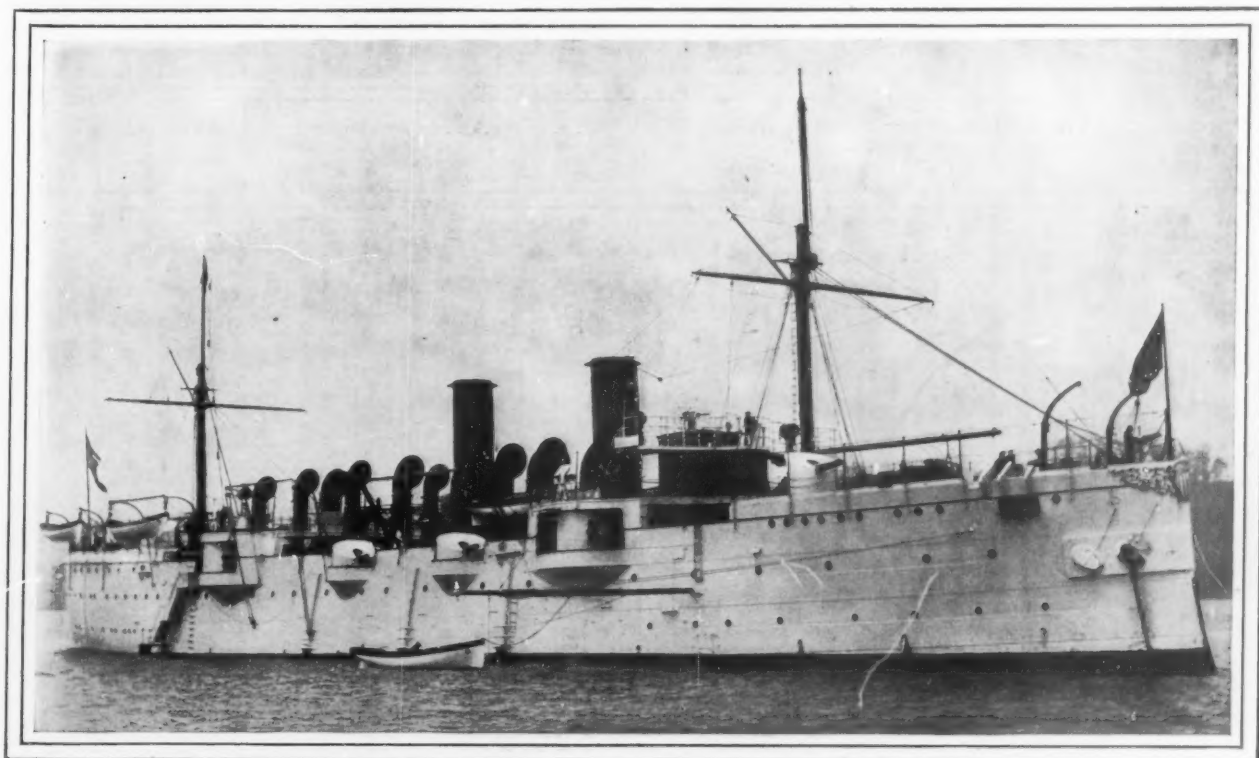
At present writing the municipality of Apia (as far as the city limits, at least) is being administered by American and British naval men. No doubt there will be some changes, in the near future, in the consular representatives of the three treaty parties (for everybody is busy calling names and saying "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"), and Mataafa will be rounded up and brought to Washington to be well scolded and dined. After which Buffalo Bill's agent will annex him to the Wild West Show. Surely that is just as good as being a king of Samoa, for "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," and sitting around all day with a Samoan crown on is certainly worth more than ten Mexican dollars a week—which is about what the job pays.

Taking everything into consideration, Mataafa, whom Stevenson loved and believed in, alas! has had a glorious vacation, which he "saved up" for during his years of exile. But his outing is about at an end, and lucky for him, for bloody-minded New Zealand yearns to turn loose on the misguided old fellow several "impis" of Maoris armed with those wicked-looking curly knives. If the offer were one that could be accepted by warring civilization, Mataafa would have been brought back in instalments. As things are, he'll have to come back now and go to work.



REAR-ADMIRAL ALBERT KAUTZ,
Commanding the cruiser Philadelphia at Samoa.

CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE.



THE CRUISER PHILADELPHIA, THE UNITED STATES WARSHIP WHICH PARTICIPATED IN THE SAMOAN BOMBARDMENT



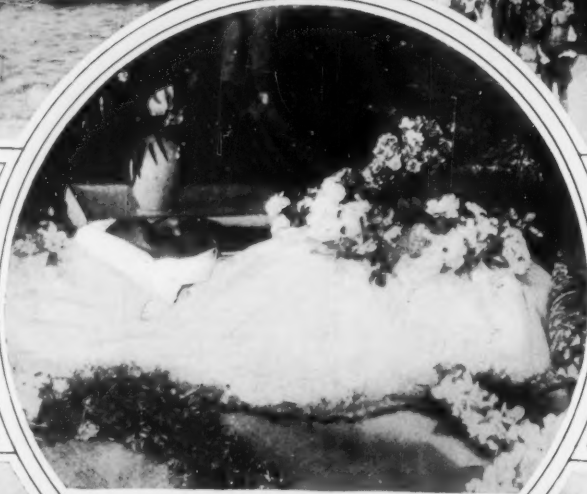
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THE
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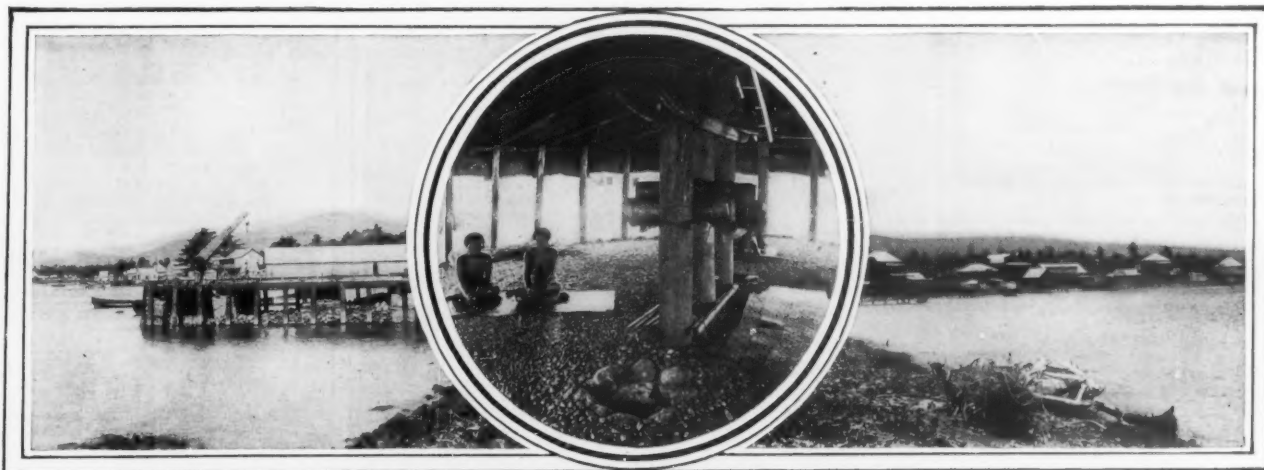
THE MAIN STREET OF APIA, LOOKING TOWARD THE TIVOLI HOTEL;
MATAAFA SENTRIES ON GUARD



THE MAIN STREET OF APIA, LOOKING FROM THE TIVOLI HOTEL;
THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE



A GROUP OF MATAAFA FIGHTING MEN



WHARF OF GERMAN FIRM, APIA

INTERIOR OF CHIEFS' COUNCIL-HOUSE, SAMOA

APIA HARBOR AND TOWN (SUPREME COURT-HOUSE MARKED X)



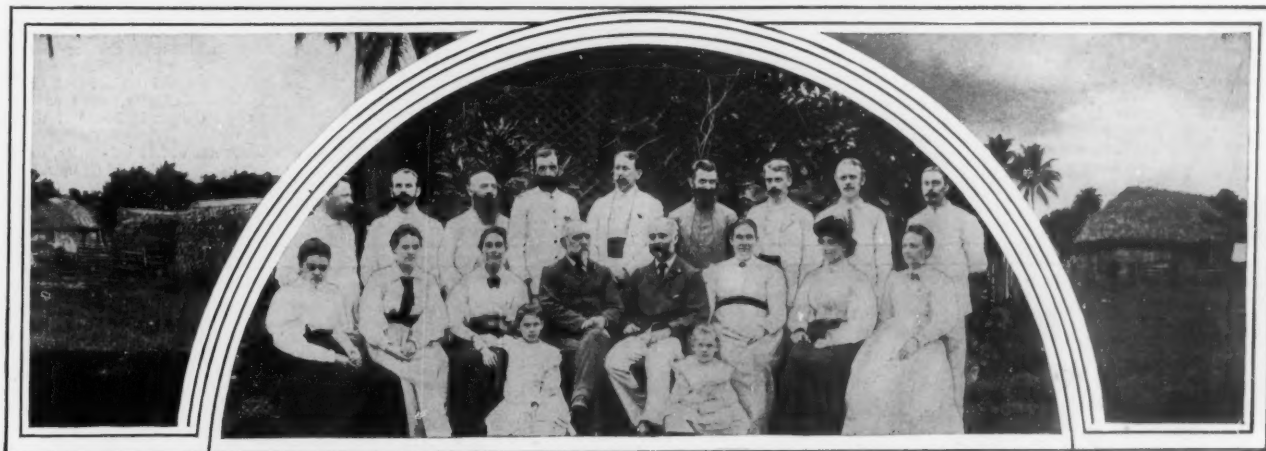
STREET IN APIA; GERMAN CONSULATE AT RIGHT



MONUMENT TO GERMAN SAILORS
LOST IN HURRICANE OF 1889



THE INTER-ISLAND STEAMSHIP UPOLU



CHIEF-JUSTICE CHAMBERS AND MISSION OFFICERS, APIA; JUSTICE CHAMBERS SEATED AT RIGHT

Mr. Chambers Mr. Tuvalu Mr. Gurr

Native Policeman Scanlon



THE LAND COMMISSION; INTERIOR OF COURT



NATIVE HOUSE IN SAMOAN VILLAGE

THE PRESIDENT'S VACATION

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

THOMASVILLE, Ga., March 25, 1899

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S short rest in sunny Georgia has come to an end. After the manner of so many other presidential vacations, this much-needed respite from cares of State was terminated by other and greater cares of State; notably by the more serious aspects of General MacArthur's aggressive campaign in the Philippines, and by such grave international complications as those entailed by our pending troubles in Samoa. Even without so forcible a recall to his post, the President had none too many opportunities to put the worries of his office behind him. Early after the arrival of the Presidential party in Thomasville, for instance, the greater part of one of the President's days and evenings was required to give his executive approval to a batch of several thousand army commissions and post-office appointments. At the last minute, when all these commissions had received their signature, came a cable message from the fighting front in the Philippines. It was a special request for the President to add to these commissions one more appointment to a lieutenant for the brave son of a brave father—Colonel Harry C. Egbert of El Caney fame, who had just met his death while charging the enemy at the head of the Twenty-second Infantry during the advance on Malolos. As soon as the President received this despatch, he instantly caused a message to be cabled to Manila, giving his consent to General Otis's request, though in order to do so he had to withhold the appointment of one of the few candidates for army commissions who had been selected upon his own personal choice. This is but one instance of the demands that are constantly made upon the head of the nation, no matter whether he may flee in his attempts to escape from official harness.

In the days that followed came a succession of more or less formal receptions and dinners, preceded by popular ovations, which, though spontaneous, must none the less have proved fatiguing to Mr. McKinley and those of his party who were purely on recreation bent. While out driving or yachting, even, the President had to mix his simple pleasures with State conferences and urgent political interviews with those leaders of his party who had taken pains to seek him out in his seclusion. Thus matters that could not wait were brought before him not only by the members of his Cabinet who had been invited to sojourn South with him as the guests of Senator Hanna, or by others who, like ex-Secretary Bliss, took this occasion to entertain the President in their Southern winter quarters, but also by that indomitable Republican party leader, Speaker Reed of the House of Representatives, who did

not shrink from hastening Southward on a "shoo-fly" train to have a special interview with the President and his political advisers.

Other no less important matters were brought to Mr. McKinley's notice in unexpected ways. Thus, the first formal salute of the Spanish flag, extended to the chief of our nation since the Spanish-American war, and the subsequent presentation of that same flag as a personal souvenir to the President, served as a reminder to him that it was high time to appoint a new diplomatic minister to Spain to represent American interests at the Court in Madrid.

Notwithstanding such official preoccupations and the short duration of his Southern trip, President McKinley got some benefit out of his vacation. The good people of Thomasville, at least, were very positive that their distinguished guest looked better and healthier toward the end of his visit there than when he came. Those among them who remembered him from his former visit to Thomasville, though, shook their heads over his personal appearance as compared to what he had looked then.

President McKinley himself seemed to have no doubts on the subject. Thus, on the last day, when he felt compelled to abandon his project of visiting Tampa, and determined instead to return to Washington on the morrow, he remarked rather ruefully: "I feel sorry, indeed,

that I have to leave this town. It's a fine place, and I always enjoy it. This spring weather is certainly lovely, and it feels good to people like myself, who need to get away where there is rest and quiet."

To any one but a very busy man this so-called vacation of barely a fortnight would have seemed anything but quiet and uneventful. What rest there may have been was constantly interrupted by unexpected visits or by flying excursions to neighboring places, with all the inevitable fuss and feathers that are made on such occasions. Take the proceedings of three days alone, and it will not be a matter of wonder that the President expressed a craving for rest and quiet.

Recorded in the form of a diary, they would read in this wise:

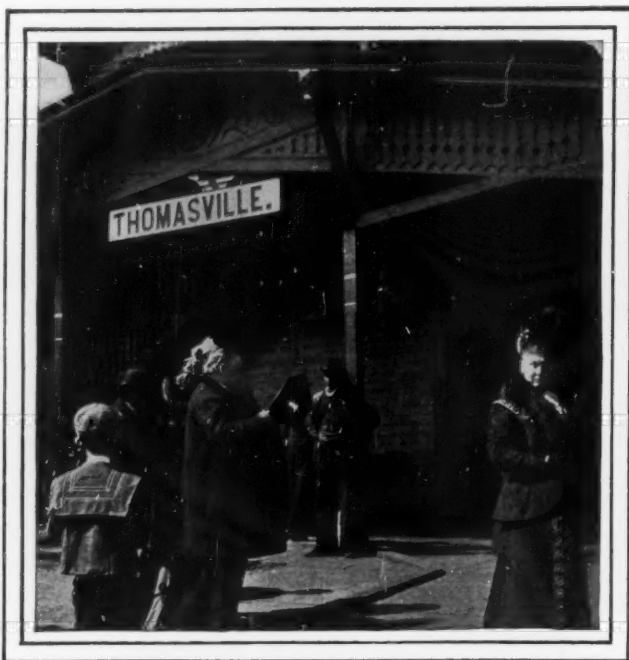
March 20.—Presidential party early in the morning left Thomasville for Jekyll Island. Welcomed on the pier by Speaker Reed, who had come from Washington to have a conference with the President. At 9 A.M. the revenue cutter Colfax arrived to receive the Presidential party. At 10 A.M. the Jekyll Island steamer Howland came up with ex-Secretary Bliss, John A. Scrymser, H. A. Cannon, and T. N. Page. When the President arrived to board the revenue cutter he was met by Mayor Atkinson of Brunswick, Captain Mitchell of the Colfax, Judge A. J. Crovatt, local attorney for the Jekyll Island Club, with other club members. On board the Colfax Mayor Atkinson welcomed the President officially with a speech. The President replied that it was a pleasure to be there, and that he regretted that his contemplated trip to Jekyll Island on a former occasion had been prevented by pressure of business. Several ladies then presented a basket of flowers to Mrs. McKinley. When the boat cut loose from the pier an old negro cried in a stentorian voice: "Throw loose the lines, the lord is gone." The President made the old negro happy by a bow. As the boat steamed toward the quarantine station all the vessels in the harbor dipped their colors, among them a Spanish bark lying at anchor in the port. The red and yellow flag flying over the Spanish consulate on shore was likewise lowered in salute. At Jekyll Island all the club members and cottage contingent were at the pier to receive the President.

March 22.—The Presidential party left Jekyll Island in the forenoon after an extended conference between Messrs. Hanna, Reed, Bliss and the President. All the club guests turned out to see Mr. McKinley off. When the revenue cutter arrived in Brunswick the President found a large crowd waiting to see him.

March 23.—In the morning the President and his entire party, excepting Mrs. McKinley, went on a trolley drive, given by Mr. Chapin in honor of the President.

The President has met, more or less informally, the Governor and many prominent politicians of Georgia.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.



President and Mrs. McKinley

Mrs. Hobart

THE PRESIDENT AT THOMASVILLE, GA.



PHOTOGRAPH BY A. W. MOLLER, THOMASVILLE

THE PRESIDENT AT THOMASVILLE, GA.—PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND THE GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA HAVING A SOCIAL CHAT

SAN FRANCISCO LETTER

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)
SAN FRANCISCO, April 5, 1890

THE DEATH OF Victoria Kaiulani, heir-apparent to the Hawaiian throne, is a fit accessory to the annexation of the island group. The princess, who is best known by her name of Kaiulani, was a young lady of twenty-four, handsome, gifted, highly educated, amiable and popular. Her father was A. S. Cleghorn, whose name figures prominently in Hawaiian history; her mother was Miriam Kekaulaohi Likelike, a member of the royal family of which Queen Liliuokalani was the head. When Kaiulani was fourteen, the queen sent her to England to be educated, under the charge of Theodore A. Davies. There the sweetness of her disposition made her many friends. She was more than once the guest of Queen Victoria, and was visited by the best people.

In 1891, Queen Liliuokalani exercised the right which the sovereigns of the old Hawaiian kingdom had always possessed; she named Kaiulani her successor, and the United States steamer *Mohican*, then lying in the port of Honolulu, fired a royal salute in her honor. Two years afterward, the queen was overthrown by a revolution, and the young princess left England. She laid her case before President Cleveland, who received her

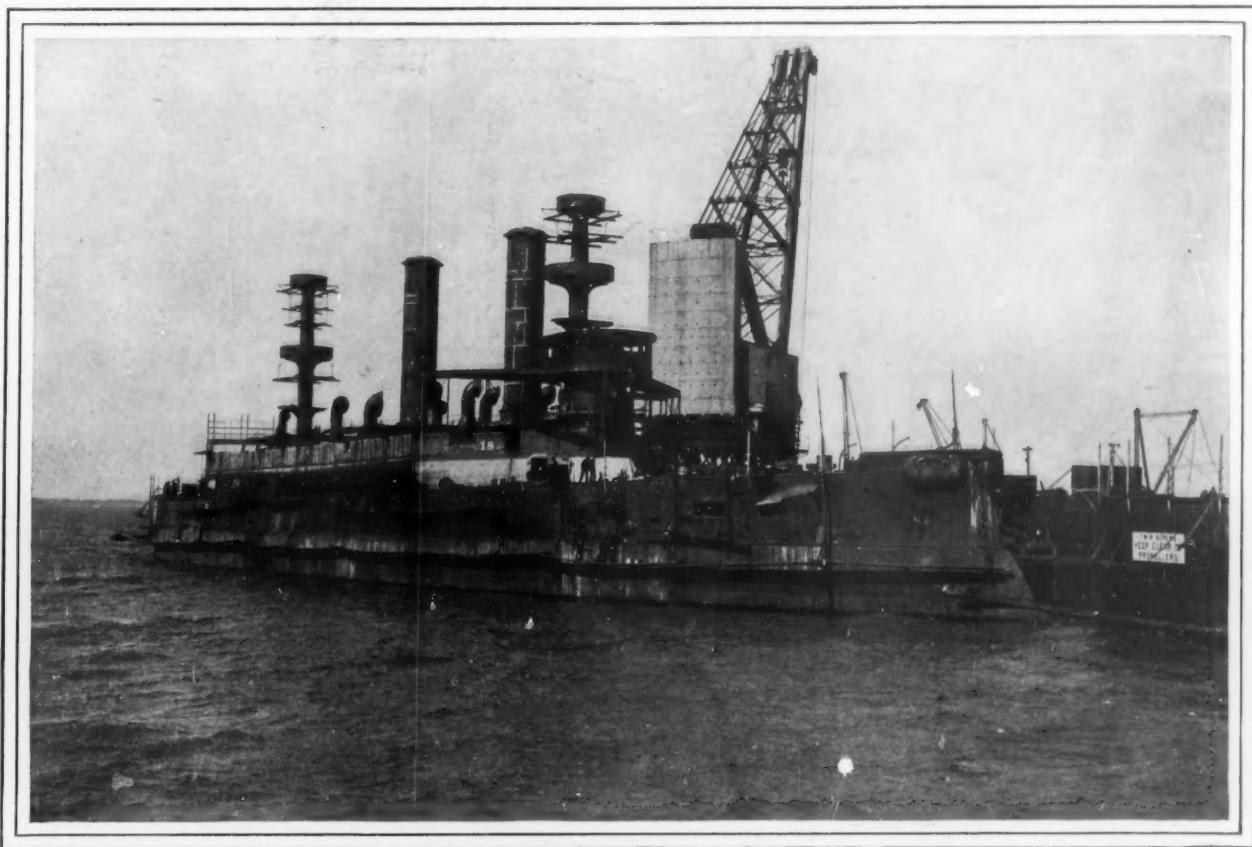
THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The mercantile community is considering consequences of the annexation of the Philippine islands. As matters stand, the United States are spending a large sum of money for the support of the army and navy under General Otis and Admiral Dewey; how much it were difficult to say, but it must be somewhere between two and three millions a month. If fighting goes on, it will be more. Part of this money was shipped in coin from the sub-treasury in this city, and carried in transports to Manila. The rest has been raised by drafts drawn by the paymasters in Manila on the Messrs. Seligman of London, and discounted by the Manila banks. Of these there are three—the Chartered Bank, a London institution, with a capital of four million dollars; the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, a sound and prosperous concern, operating under a charter from the colony of Hong-Kong; and the Filipino Bank, a small institution working under a Spanish charter. Thus the money used to pay our soldiers and sailors is supplied by foreigners. To some Americans it has appeared that this country is rich enough to pay the whole cost of its Philippine enterprise. It has been proposed that the Seligmans, who have been the disbursing agents of the Government at Washington ever since the Civil War, should establish a branch at Manila, so as to obviate the necessity of drawing on London; and the

by a competent observer to be "the richest unexplored country in the known world," can afford to pay for the comforts and luxuries of civilization.

It is reckoned that the islands contain nine millions of people, so that no scarcity of labor need be apprehended. Letters from Manila predict an early increase of the Chinese population from half a million to two millions; and there, as elsewhere, the Chinese are the best laborers whom landowners can employ. That an active intercourse between the Philippines and our Pacific Coast is expected by those best qualified to judge may be inferred from the building of two 10-thousand ships by C. P. Huntington, for service on the Pacific Mail routes, and from the announcement that the Spreckels Company is calling for contracts for three big ships. The Pacific Mail vessels will begin by sailing to Hong-Kong and the Spreckels vessels to Sydney, but they will eventually go to the point where transportation is in most demand.

When Dewey took Manila, the newspapers declared that a cable from San Francisco to that point would soon be laid. They were somewhat premature. Neither the Western Union nor the Postal Company is inclined at present to undertake the enterprise. Between the Hawaiian group and the Tropic of Capricorn the bed of the Pacific is seamed with high ridges, with sharp edges, probably the remains of a mountain-



UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP KEARSARGE

The battleship *Kearsarge*, which is now being prepared for her trial trip, is a sister ship to the *Kentucky*. The *Kearsarge* was launched at Newport News, March 24, 1888. Her dimensions, armament, etc., are as follows: displacement 11,525 tons, two propellers, 10,000 horse-power, cost about \$4,000,000; armed with four 13-inch, four 8-inch, five torpedo tubes, and a quick-fire battery. She is expected to make sixteen knots an hour, and will carry a complement of five hundred and eleven men. This great floating fort was named for the famous *Kearsarge* of the Civil War.

graciously, but without committing the United States to the support of her claims. Being unwilling to provoke a civil war in her country, the princess returned to England and pursued her studies until 1897, when she sailed for her island home, and settled on an estate at Waikiki which she possessed.

She resolutely adhered to her resolution to take no part in politics. She never urged her claims upon the native Hawaiians, though they were devoted to her, and would probably have overthrown the missionary party at her command. She devoted herself to works of charity; at the time of her death she was at the head of most of the benevolent institutions of the islands and vice-president of the Red Cross Society.

She died of inflammatory rheumatism, after a brief illness. Her body was taken to Aiea, where it lay in state for several days on a catafalque shrouded in virgin white, covered with white flowers, and guarded by two officers of the President's staff, in full uniform; four women, friends of the dead princess, in solemn black, wearing the royal feather cape, and waving the royal Kahila, stood round the coffin. Under a great banyan tree in front of the house a crowd of old men, heads of the Kanaka families, were grouped in solemn silence; they were joined, from time to time, by parties of Mele women singing the mournful funeral chants of the Hawaiians. After the obsequies, the remains were laid to rest in the royal mausoleum in Nuuanu Valley, which contains the bodies of all the kings and queens since Kamehameha the Second.

suggestion has commanded the attention of the house at New York, and of its agent here—the Anglo-Californian Bank. The sub-treasury at this point has always been a creditor institution; it would be convenient for it to transmit its surplus coin to a disbursing agent at Manila instead of sending it across the continent to New York.

It is too soon to predict the shape which our future commercial relations with the Philippines will take. So far as exports are concerned, the two islands of Negros and Panay exported two hundred thousand tons of sugar in 1897, and the consular reports state that this quantity might have been quadrupled had there been practicable roads from the plantations to the shipping port of Iloilo. Besides sugar and coffee, Luzon is a larger producer of hemp than Russia; it also contains iron mines producing an ore running very high in metallic iron, and a tobacco which is said to be equal to that of the *Vuelta Abajo* in Cuba. Not far from the iron beds the island of Cebu contains an outcrop of coal which foreshadows an output of millions of tons, equal in quality to the best Japan lump. It is impossible to form a conjecture of the future volume of our exports to the Philippines. Under Spanish rule Spain arrived at a monopoly of Manila's imports of dry goods, hardware, and finished goods. The United States will now insist on their share. What sum in dollars that will represent it is very difficult to estimate. But a country which produces an abundance of sugar, tobacco, hemp, coffee, fine woods, and metals, and which has been said

ous continent which was submerged. It would be difficult to lay a cable across those ridges, and, after it was laid, it would probably chafe on their tops till it was severed, and the ends would fall into deep valleys or chasms, from which it would be enormously expensive to rescue them. Hence the two great telegraph companies are disposed to let the Government lay the Manila cable if it will; they are not even tempted to go into the business by the present rate from San Francisco to Manila of two dollars and ten cents per word.

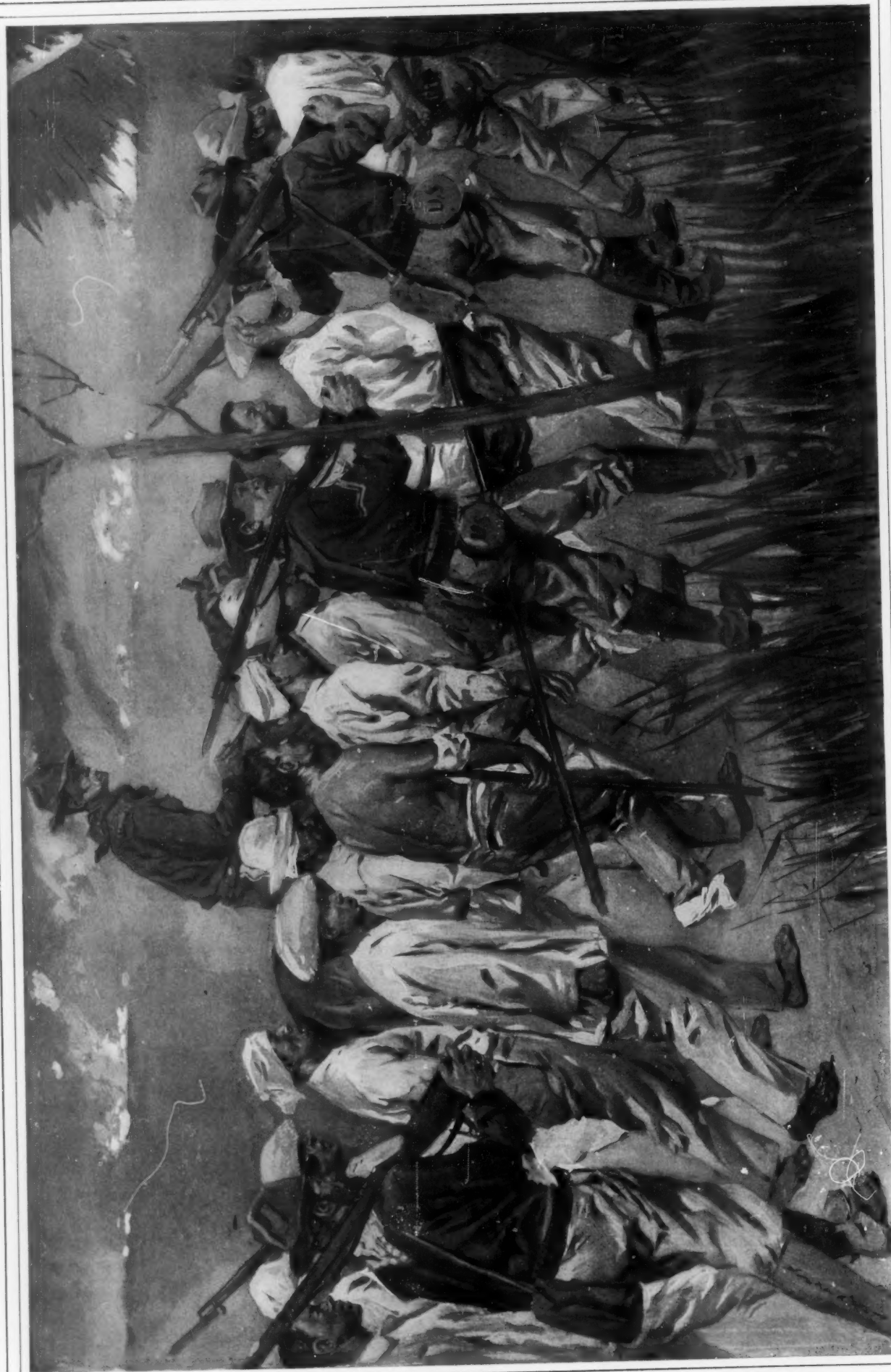
JOHN BONNER.

THE AWAKENING

BUT yesterday I passed along this way,
And naught of life or beauty could discern
In all the valley lone. Strange wintry shadows lay
Across the brook's brown rim, and on the withered fern
That drooped beside it was the cold white gleam
Of April's frozen rain. . . .

But yesterday! And lo! as in a dream
To-day I walk the self-same path again,
Silent and dark no more, for fount and loosened stream
Flash in and out among the springing weeds,
Making low laughter in the tufted reeds
And elders straight and tall—
While clear and sweet across the tangled brakes
I hear (what tender memories it wakes!)
A bluebird's piping call.

ADELAIDE D. ROLLSTON.



UNITED STATES TROOPS ESCORTING FILIPINO PRISONERS INTO MANILA

DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY H. BERTHESE

THE ADVANCE ON MALOLOS

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

WITH THE ARMY BEFORE MANILA, Feb. 28

ONCE MORE OUR MEN are sleeping on their arms. Not a day has passed since the outbreak at Manila, nearly a month ago, without its share of fighting. By this time all the commands have had their baptism of fire, and the volunteer soldiers have become so seasoned that you can't tell them from the regulars. Most of our volunteers are Western men from the Pacific Slope, Rocky Mountains, and from the Plains, and they are made of the same stuff as the now famous Rough Riders who rallied under the standards of General Wood and Colonel Roosevelt. There is but one contingent from the East, and that is my own regiment, the Tenth Pennsylvania. The other men, therefore, call us the "Tenderfeet," but our tender feet have been subjected to just as many marching orders as theirs, and the list of our dead and wounded will show where we have been during the worst of the fighting.

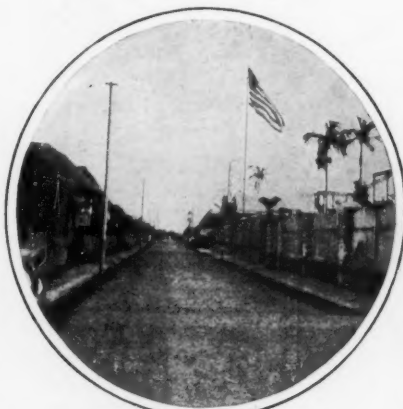
Whether or not the present trouble was the result of



AN AMERICAN OUTPOST

quarters out to San Pedro Macoti. The First California, First Idaho, First Washington, and Wyoming battalion captured Pasig and Pateros, and cleared the banks of the Pasig River, but have since fallen back. General Montenegro, one of the ablest of the insurgent leaders, is in command of the insurgents in this section. Most of the fighting in that direction has consisted of night skirmishes, but our losses have been light. A mountain battery, manned by the Third Artillery, is in the field on this part of the line, and has been doing fine work.

To the right, before Malate, our lines have been advanced toward Polo and Bulacan; and the town of Paranique, two miles beyond our old lines, has been captured. In the neighborhood of Cavite there was also some hot fighting. The old Capuchin Convent, where our lines were first located, before Malate, has been almost destroyed by shots from our fleet. In every direction native habitations have been burned. Our lines have been closed since the beginning of hostilities, and no natives are allowed to leave or enter Manila. There is much suffering consequently among



HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL KING

Aguinaldo's elaborate plan is not definitely known to us. Certain it is that the Filipinos have long been looking for trouble. Within Manila, as well as among the ranks of the Filipinos outside, everything seemed prepared for an uprising. The natives had long been collecting arms and ammunition, and secret meetings were held in the different sections of Manila throughout the period of our occupation. Had the insurgents at the front been able to gain any advantage it is almost certain that their allies in the city would have made things easy for them. As it was, they burned up half the city. Only the crushing defeats inflicted upon Aguinaldo in the field put an end to further trouble in the city. Before Christmas Aguinaldo asserted that his army would spend the holidays in Manila. He was so certain that his forces would overcome our army that hundreds of his insurgent officers who fell on the field were found with their white dress uniforms neatly done up in packages. The insurgents had even arranged to hold a parade on the Luneta when they should enter Manila.

The American style of fighting must have proved a rude shock to the Filipinos. In a single day our army gained more ground than the Spanish covered in all their fighting. The insurgents had the idea that we would pursue the same dilatory tactics which the Spaniards followed. They expected to carry on guerilla warfare as simple bushwhackers; and by their night attacks they hoped to regain all the ground they might lose in day time. They had their revelation. The fierce charges of our American soldiers across unprotected, open ground were something new to the natives, and since our first

charge they have steadily retreated before our fighters.

After the first fights before Manila the insurgents collected their forces at Caloocan—a good-sized town on the coast—and there intrenched themselves to make a stand. Caloocan is a town on the line of the Manila and Dagupan Railroad, about three miles from Manila, and here are located the machine shops, car shops, and general offices of the road. The insurgents fortified the place strongly, and large forces were brought in from Malolos and other points. Following up our advantage, the light-draft vessels of the fleet and the guns of the Utah Battery bombarded the place, and from Monday until Friday, February 10, there was the hottest of fighting. It was there that Lieutenant Alvord of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers was killed. The final move against Caloocan was made on Friday. On the afternoon of that day the Monterey, Charleston and Callao, fourteen guns of the Utah Light Artillery, and three guns of the Sixth Artillery bombarded the position. In one of the most brilliant charges of the campaign the Twentieth Kansas, First Idaho, First Montana, and Third United States Artillery, acting as infantry, captured Caloocan and drove the insurgents back with heavy losses. Their charge under heavy cross-fire, over the open fields, and into the hedges where the insurgents were intrenched, was indeed a



STREET IN BULACAN

the thousands of homeless natives who have fled to the insurgent lines.

Since the opening of hostilities we have captured more than a thousand prisoners, but it is impossible to estimate the number of dead and wounded in the insurgent ranks. We have buried their dead by the thousands. Yet the losses do not appear to weaken the insurgent army materially, for there are four or five men for every gun, and as soon as one native is killed another snatches his rifle and takes his place. Many natives found dead on the field had a white suit of linen under their uniform. This enables the natives to get out of the fight when they are tired. One man will turn over his arms to another, then he slips off his uniform, and forthwith becomes a non-combatant. At different points on the line the natives have decoyed our men close to the insurgent trenches by white flags. Then the American men and officers who approached were fired upon.

The capture of Iloilo was effected without much trouble, but the insurgents burned considerable property in the place. It is probable that a move will be made against Dagupan soon. By capturing that place, and moving upon Malolos from two sides, the insurgents may be shut up and headed off from further retreat.

It is astonishing how quickly Manila recovers from a scare. When I was in the city last I could scarcely believe that war was in progress all around the place. Business was carried on as usual, and the streets were full of people. In the meanwhile our soldiers are lying in the open, a prey to sunstroke, fever, chills, and Filipino bullets.

WILLIAM GILBERT IRWIN.



BLOCKHOUSE CHARGED BY TENTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS

magnificent sight. The natives fought desperately, and there were, at places, hand to hand encounters, but finally the Filipinos fled to Malaban. Our flag was raised over Caloocan, and with the Manila end of the road in our possession, the movement of troops and supplies has been greatly facilitated. It is altogether likely that the important events of the campaign will be enacted along the line of the railroad, for in this direction our army will advance on Malolos, the reputed capital of the Philippine Republic.

On the right of the line, before New Manila, the Nebraska regiment has been constantly engaged. On Monday, following the first day's fight, the Nebraska regiment, with a detachment of the Second Oregon, the Twenty-third Regulars and Tennessee Volunteers, captured the Santolan pumping station, on which Manila depends for its water supply. Already the water in the city was running short, and it was a matter of luck that the efforts of the retreating Filipinos to incapacitate the plant were defeated. Beyond the pumping station there has been constant skirmishing since that time. When the insurgents tried to recapture that position they lost heavily.

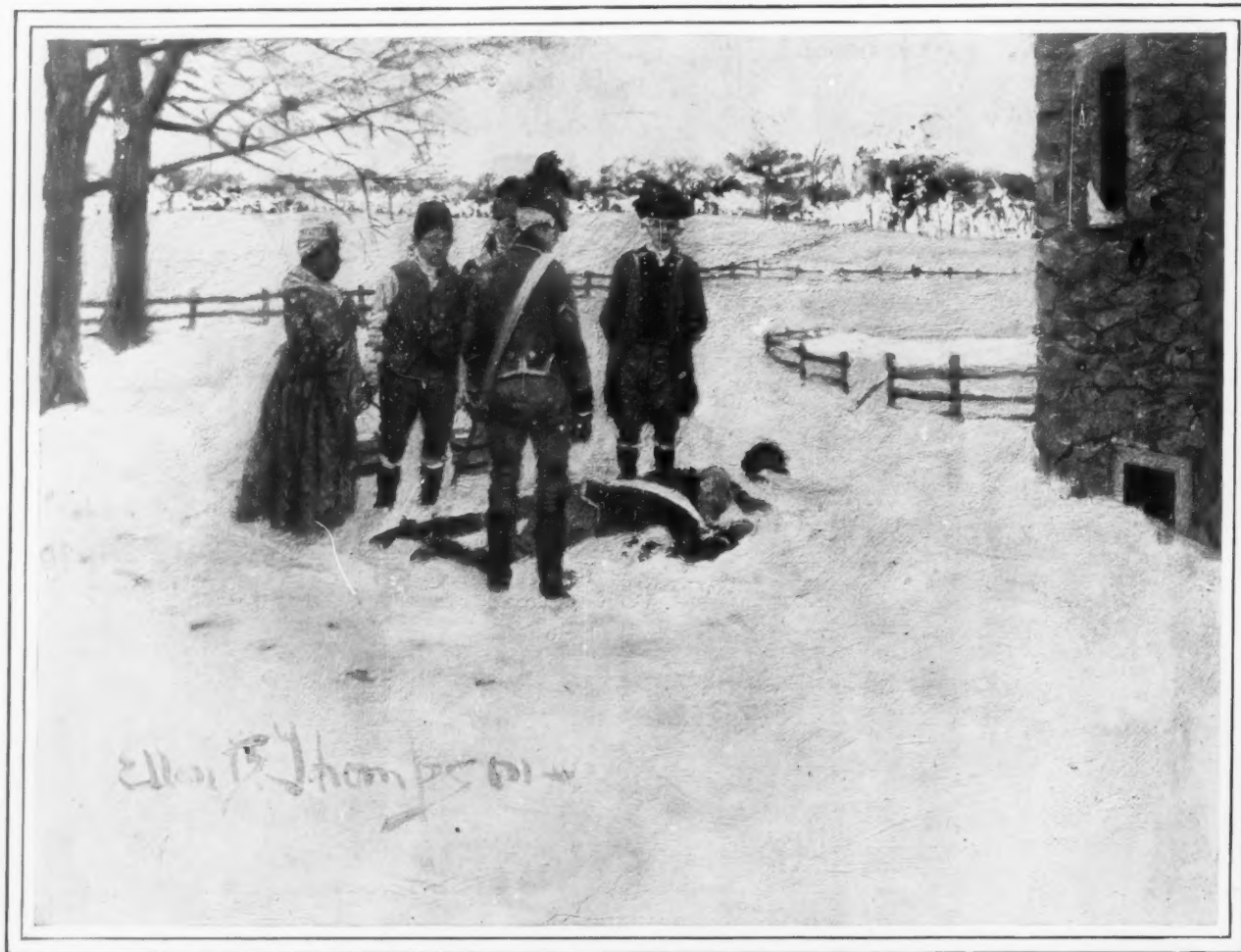
On the other side of Manila, in front of the old city, General King's brigade has likewise been doing considerable fighting. General King has moved his head-



WOUNDED FILIPINOS AT HOSPITAL CAMP



FILIPINO FORAGERS



DRAWN BY ELLEN BERNARD THOMPSON

JANICE MEREDITH

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD, Author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling"

[Begun in COLLIER'S WEEKLY January 28]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The story of "Janice Meredith" opens at Greenwood, the New Jersey home of Lambert Meredith, father of the heroine. The time is the year of grace 1774. Presently is introduced the "Prince from over the Seas," a young Englishman named Charles Fournes, indentured for a term of years to Squire Meredith, a declared royalist.

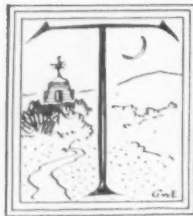
In the village tap-room a traveler, one Evatt, charges Fournes with desertion from the service of King George. Evatt meets Janice and confides to her that he is an agent of the King.

Fournes secretly loves Janice. Squire Meredith enters into an alliance with Philemon Hennon, son of his political rival, and encourages his suit with Janice. Fournes becomes aide-de-camp to Washington, assuming the name of Brereton.

The story follows the fortunes of General Washington and describes the first battles of the Revolutionary War. Janice is brought to headquarters under arrest and is protected by Fournes. The Royal army descends into New Jersey. The Continental guard abandons the Merediths, who are captured by the British Light Horse, and relieved by Evatt and the British Commanders. The officers are entertained by the Merediths. During the festivities Janice, to escape a rudeness, slips away to the stable to her favorite horse. There she finds Fournes (or Colonel Brereton). The latter, pursued by British dragoons, escapes on Janice's horse. A few days later, venturing back to see her again, he is captured by British troopers.

XXIII

AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS



THE PRISONER'S ARMS were hurriedly tied and he was mounted behind one of the troopers. Janice meanwhile, who had been seized by Philemon and drawn to one side out of the struggle, besought permission of her special captor to speak to Brereton, her fright over the surprise and her dread of what was to come both forgotten in the horror and

misery the last words of the aide caused her. The jealousy of the lover, united to the strictness of the soldier, made Philemon heedless of her prayers and tears, and finally, when the cavalcade was ready to start, she was forced to mount her namesake, and, with such seat as she could keep in the man's saddle, ride between Colonel Harcourt and Hennon.

No better fortune awaited her at Greenwood, the

captive being taken to the kitchen, while the culprit was escorted to the parlor, to stand, shivering, frightened and tearful, as her father and mother berated her for most of the sins of the Decalogue.

Fortunately for the maid, other hearts were not so sternly disapproving, and Evatt, after waiting till the girl's distress was finding expression in breathless sobs, in order that she might be the more properly grateful, at last interfered.

"Come, come, squire," he interjected, crossing to the bowed form, and taking one of Janice's hands consolingly, "the lass has been giddy, but 'tis an ill wind, for through it we have one fine bird secured yonder, to say nothing of an even bigger prize in prospect. Cry a truce, therefore, and let the child go to bed."

"Ay, go to thy room, miss," commanded Mrs. Meredith, who had in truth exhausted her vocabulary, if not her wrath. "A pretty hour for you to be out of bed, indeed!"

Janice, conscious at the moment of but one partisan, turned to Evatt. "Oh, please," she besought, "mayn't I say just one word to Colonel Brereton—just to tell him that I didn't—"

"Hast not shamed us enough for one night with thy stolen interviews!" ejaculated her mother. "To thy room this instant."

Made fairly desperate, Janice was actually raising her head to protest, when Harcourt and Philemon entered.

"One moment, madam," intervened the colonel. "I have been plying our prisoner with questions, and have some to ask of your daughter. Now, Miss Meredith, Lee's letter, that we found on the prisoner, has told us all we need, but we want to test the prisoner's statements by yours. Look to it that you speak us truly, for if we find any false swearing or quibbling 'twill fare ill with you." Then for three or four minutes the officer examined the girl concerning her first interview with the rebel officer, seeking to gain additional information as to Lee's whereabouts. Finding that Janice really knew nothing more than had been overheard in the Van Meter barn, he ended the examination by turning to Philemon and saying:

"Sound boots and saddles, Lieutenant Hennon. You can guide us, I take it, to this tavern where General Lee is said to be?"

"That I kin," asserted Phil. "Though 'twill be a stiff ride to git there afore morning."

As the two officers went toward the door Janice made her petition anew. "Colonel Harcourt, may I

have word with Colonel—with the prisoner, that he shall not think 'twas my treachery?" she pleaded.

"I advise agin it, Colonel Harcourt," interjected Philemon, his face red with some emotion. "That prisoner's a sly, sneaky tyke, and—"

"Get the troop mounted, Mr. Hennon," commanded his superior. "Mr. Meredith, I leave our captive in charge of a sergeant and two troopers, with orders that if I am not back within twenty-four hours he be taken to Brunswick. Whether we succeed or fail in our foray, Sir William shall hear of the service you have been to us." Unheeding Janice's plea, the colonel left the room, and a moment later the hughle sounded in quick succession, "To horse," "The assembly," "The march," and "By fours, forward."

Interest in the departing cavalry drew the elders to the windows, and in this preoccupation Janice saw her opportunity to gain by stealth what had been denied her. Slipping silently from the parlor, she sped through hall and dining-room, pausing only when the kitchen doorway was attained, her courage wellnigh gone at the thought that the aide might refuse to believe her protestations of innocence. Certainty that she had but a moment in which to explain prevented hesitancy, and she entered the kitchen.

The two troopers were already stretched at full length on the floor, their feet to the fire, while the sergeant sat by the table, with a pitcher of small beer and a pipe to solace his particular hours of guard mount over the prisoner. The latter was seated near the fire, his arms drawn behind him by a rope which passed through the slats of the chair back. So far as these fetters would permit, Brereton was slouched forward, with his chin resting on his chest in a most break-neck attitude, sound asleep. There could be no doubt about it, beyond credence though it was to the girl! While she had been miserably conceiving the officer as ablaze with wrath at her, he, with the philosophy of the experienced soldier, had not lost a moment in getting what rest he could after his forty-eight hours of hard riding.

Such callousness was to Janice a source of indignation, and as she debated whether she should wake the slumberer and make her explanation, or punish his apathy by letting him sleep, Mrs. Meredith's voice calling her name in a not-to-be-misunderstood tone turned the balance, and, speeding up the servants' stairway, Janice was able to answer her mother's third call from her own room. Worn out by excitement, worry and physical fatigue, the girl, like the

soldier, soon found oblivion from both past and future.

It was well toward morning when a finish was made to the night's doings, and the early habits of the household were for once neglected to such an extent that the dragoons at last lost patience and roused Peg and Sukey with loudly shouted demands for breakfast; a racket which served to set all astir once more.

With the conclusion of the morning meal, Janice rose from the table and went toward the kitchen, an action which at once caused Mrs. Meredith to demand: "Whither art thou going, child?"

Facing about, the girl replied with some show of firmness: "'Tis but fair that Colonel Brereton should know I had no hand in his capture; and I have a right to tell him so."

"You will do nothing of the sort," denied Mrs. Meredith. "Was not thy conduct last evening indelicate enough, but thou must seek to repeat it?"

Janice, with her hand on the knob, began to sob. "'Tis dreadful," she moaned, "after his doing what he did for us at York and later, that he should think I had a hand in his capture."

"Tush, Jan," ejaculated the squire fretfully, the more that his conscience had already secretly blamed him. "No gratitude I owe the rogue, if both sides of the ledger be balanced. 'Tis he brought about the scrape that led to my arrest."

"Ay," went on Mrs. Meredith, delighted to be thus supported. "I have small doubt thy indelicacy with him will land us all in prison. Such folly is beyond belief, and came not from my family, Mr. Meredith," she added, turning on her husband.

"Well, well, wife; all the folly in the lass scarce

Glancing at her mother, to see if her eyes wandered from the sock she was resoling, Janice raised her eyebrows with furtive inquiry. In answer Evatt shook his head.

"'Tis a curious commentary on man," he observed thoughtfully, "that he always looks on the black side of his fellow-creatures, and will not believe that they can be honest and truthful."

"Man is born in sin," asserted Mrs. Meredith. "Janice, that last patch is misplaced; pay heed to thy work."

"I lately had occasion to justify an action to a man," went on Evatt, "but no, the scurvy fellow would put no faith in my words, insisting that the person I sought to clear was covinous and tricky, and wholly unworthy of trust."

"The thoughts of a man who prefers to think such things," broke in Janice hotly, "are of no moment."

"You are quite right, Miss Janice," assented the commissary, "and I would I'd had the wit to tell him so. 'Tis my intention some day to call him to account for his words."

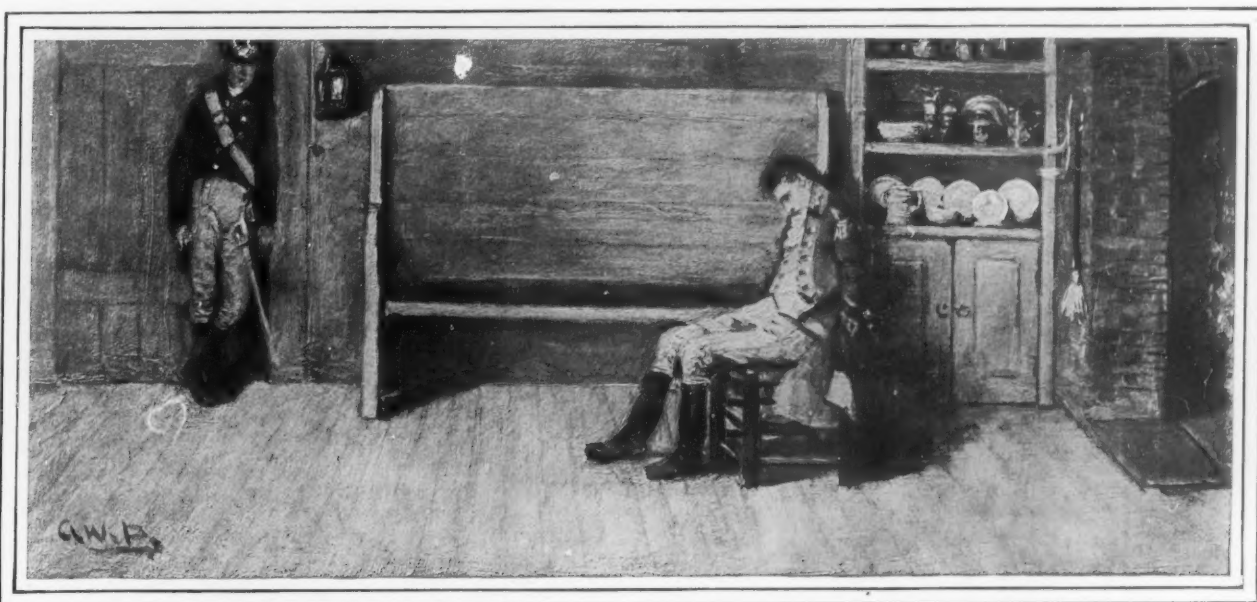
Further communion on this topic was interrupted by the coming of Mr. Meredith, and during the whole day the two were never alone. His forgiveness partly won by his service, the commissary ventured to take a seat beside the quilt, and sought to increase his favor with her by all the arts of tongue and manner he had at command. As these were manifold, he saw no reason, as dusk set in, to be dissatisfied with the day's results. Inexperienced as Janice was, she could not know that the cooler and less ardent man the better he plays the lover's part, and while she never quite forgot his previous deceit, nor the trouble into

her own statement of justification, she once again stole from the parlor and into the kitchen, so softly that the occupants of neither room were aware of escape or advent. She found the prisoner still tied to his chair, his body and head hanging forward in an attitude denoting weariness. Sukey engaged in cutting slices of bacon in probable expectation of demands from the newcomers, while the single trooper on guard had just opened the entry door, and was shouting inquiries concerning the success of the raid to his fellow-dragoons as they passed to the stable.

Acting on a sudden impulse which gave her no time for consideration, Janice caught the knife from the hand of Sukey, and, with two hasty strokes, cut the cord where it was passed through the slats of the chair-back, setting the prisoner free.

"Fo' de good Lord in hebin—" began the cook in amazement; but, as the import of her young mistress's act dawned upon her, she ran to the fireplace and, catching up a log of wood, held it out to Brereton.

Owing to his stooping posture, the release of the cords had caused the aide to fall forward out of the chair, but he instantly scrambled to his feet, and without so much as a glance behind him, seized the billet from the hands of the cook and sprang toward the doorway, reaching it at the moment the dragoon turned about to learn the cause of the sudden commotion. Bringing the log down with crushing force on the man's head, Jack stooped as the man plunged forward, possessed himself of his sabre, caught one of the long cavalry capotes from its hook in the entry, and, hanging to the door, vanished in the outer darkness. There he stood for a moment, listening intently, apparently in doubt as to his next step; then electing



DRAWN BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

THE PRISONER'S HEAD WAS HANGING FORWARD IN AN ATTITUDE DENOTING WEARINESS

comes from my side, for 'tis to be remembered that ye were foolish enough to marry me," suggested the squire placably, his anger at his daughter already melted by the sight of her distress. "Don't be too stern with the child; she is yet but a filly."

"You mean but a silly," snapped Mrs. Meredith, made the more angry by his defence of the girl. "Men are all of a piece and cannot hold anger if the eyes be bright, or the waist be slim," she thought to herself wrathfully, quite forgetful of the time when that very tendency in masculine kind had been to her one of its merits. "Set to on the quilt, girl, and see to it that there's no sneaking to the kitchen."

Scarcely had Janice, obedient to her mother's behest, seated herself at the big quilting-frame, when Evatt joined her.

"They treat ye harshly, Miss Janice," he remarked sympathetically, "but 'tis an unforgiving world, as I have good cause to wot."

Janice, who had stooped lower over the patches when first he spoke, flashed her eyes up for an instant, and then dropped them again.

"And one is blamed and punished for much that deserves it not. I' faith, I know one man who stands disgraced to the woman he loves best, for no better cause than that the depth of his passion was so boundless that he went to every length to gain her."

The quilt fitted a red calimanco patch in place, and studied the effect with intense interest.

"Wouldst like me to carry a message to the prisoner, Miss Janice?"

"Oh, will you?" murmured the girl gratefully and eagerly. "Wilt tell him that I knew nothing of the plan to capture him, and was only trying to aid his escape? That after all his kindness, I would never—"

Here the eager flow of words received a check by the re-entrance of Mrs. Meredith. Dropping his hand upon the quilting-frame so that it covered one of the girl's, the commissary conveyed by a slight pressure a pledge of fulfillment of her wish, and, after a few moments' passing chat, left the room. Before a lapse of ten minutes he returned, and took a chair near the girl.

which he had persuaded her, yet she was thoroughly entertained by what he had to tell her, the more that under all his words he managed to convey an admiration and devotion which did not fail to flatter the girl, even though it stirred in her no response. Entertained as she might be, her thoughts were not so occupied by the charm and honey of Evatt's attentions as to pre-empt all dwelling on the aide's opinion of her, and this was shown when finally an interruption set her free from observation.

It was after nightfall ere there was any variation of the monotonous quiet, and indeed the tall clock had just announced the usual bedtime of the family when Clarion's bark made the squire sit up from his drowse before the fire, and set all listening. Presently came the now familiar sound of hoof-beat and sabre-clank; springing to his feet and seizing a candle, Mr. Meredith was at the front door as a troop trotted in from the road.

"What cheer?" called the master of Greenwood.

"'Twas played to a nicety," answered the voice of Harcourt, as he threw himself from the saddle. "Sound the stable call, bugler. Dismount your prisoner, sergeant, and bring him in," he ordered; and then continued to the host: "We had the tavern surrounded, Mr. Meredith, ere they so much as knew, bagged our game, and here we are."

The words served to carry the two to the parlor, and closely following came a sergeant and trooper, while between them, clothed in a very soiled dressing-gown, and a still dirtier shirt, in slippers, his cue still undressed, and with hands tied behind his back, walked the general, who but a few hours before had been boasting of how he was to save the Continental cause.

"If you have pity in you," besought the prisoner, "let me warm myself. What method of waging war is it which forces a man to ride thirty miles in such weather in such clothes? For the sake of former acquaintance, Mr. Meredith, give me something hot to drink."

In the excitement and confusion of the new arrivals, Janice had seen her chance, and, intent upon making

the bolder course, he threw the coat about his shoulders, fastened the sabre to his side, and ran to the stable, where the tired troopers, in the dim light furnished by a solitary lantern, were now dismounting from their horses. Without hesitation the aide walked among them, and in a disguised voice announced: "Colonel Harcourt orders me to look to his horse."

"Here," called a man, and the fugitive stepped forward and caught the bridle the trooper threw to him. He stood quietly while the dragoons one by one led their horses into the stable, then pulling gently on the reins, he slowly walked the colonel's horse forward as if to follow their example, but, turning a little to the left, he passed softly around the side of the building. Letting down the bars into the next field, he quickened his pace until the road was reached; swinging himself into the saddle, he once more spurred northward.

"Poor brute," he remarked, "spent as thou art, we must make a push for it until beyond the Bound Brook, if I am to save my bacon. 'Tis a hard fate that makes thee serve both sides by turn, until there is no go left in thee. Luckily, the other horses are as tired as thou, or my escape would be very questionable, even though I had wit enough about me to see to it that I got the officer's mount. Egad, a queer shift it is that ends with Lee in their hands and me spurring northward to repeat the general's orders to Sullivan. Who knows but Mrs. Meredith and the parson may be right in their holding to foreordination?"

XXIV

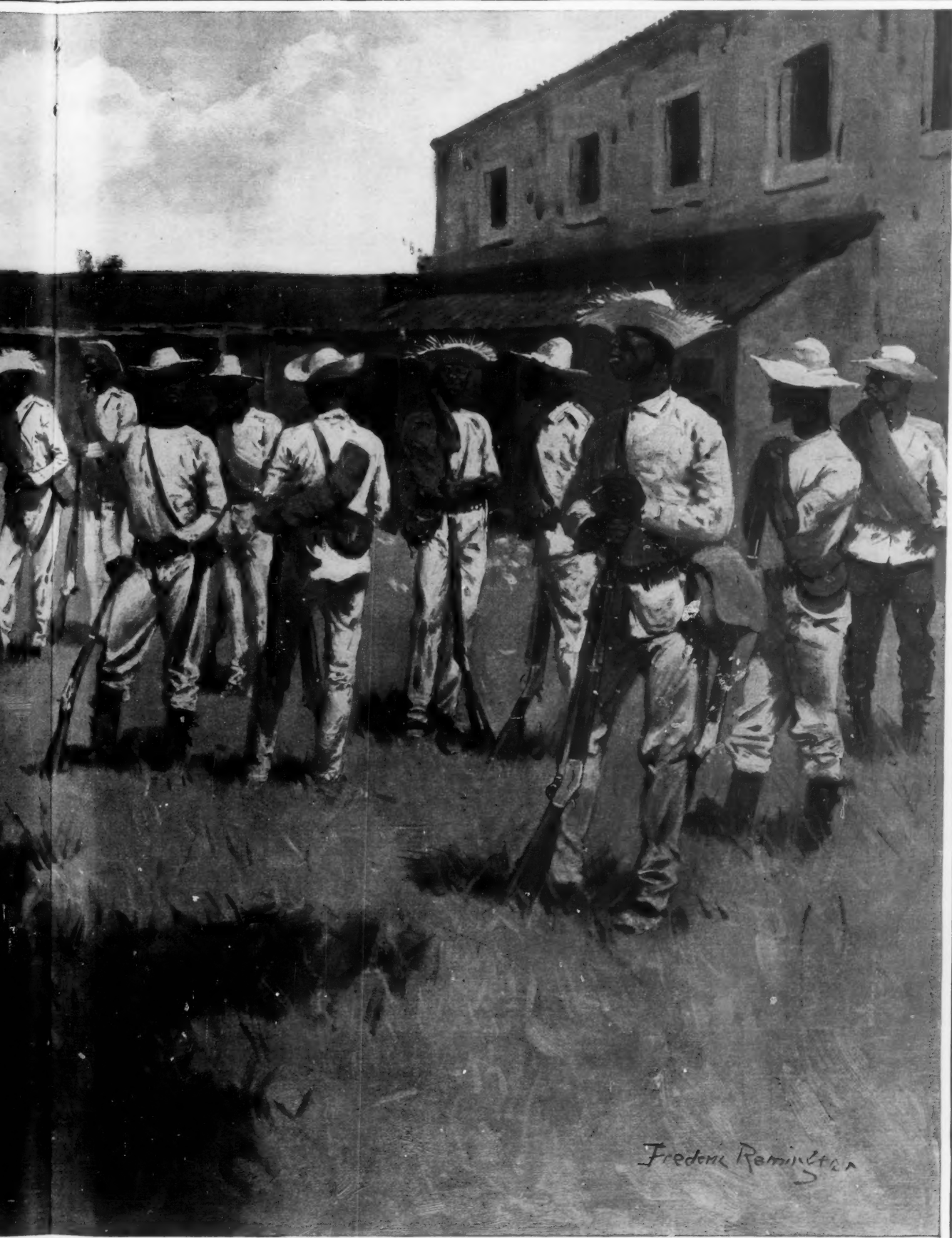
UNDER DURANCE

AS BRERETON slammed the kitchen door behind him the girl ran to the assistance of the injured trooper, only to recoil at sight of the blood flowing from mouth and nose, and in uncontrollable horror and fright she fled to her own room. Here, cowering and shivering, she threw herself on the bed, her breath coming fast and short, as she waited for the sword of vengeance to fall. Ere many seconds the sounds below



DISBANDING GOM

UNITED STATES AND CUBAN OFFICERS INSPECTING CUBAN TROOPS NEAR



G GOMEZ' ARMY

DOOPS NEAR HAVANA, PREPARATORY TO MUSTERING THEM OUT OF SERVICE

DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY

Frederic Remington

told her that the escape had been discovered, bangings of doors, shouts, bugle calls, and the clatter of horses' feet each in succession giving her fresh terror. Yet minute after minute passed without any one coming to find her, and at last the suspense became so intolerable that the girl rose and went to the head of the stairs to listen. From that point of vantage she could hear in the dining room the voice of Harcourt sternly asking questions, the replies to which were so inarticulate and so intermixed with sobs and wails that Janice could do no more than realize that the cook was under examination. Harcourt's inquiries, however, served to reveal that the faithful Sukey was endeavoring to conceal her young mistress's part in the prisoner's escape; and as Janice gathered this, the figure which but a moment before had expressed such fear suddenly straightened, and without hesitation she ran down the stairs and entered the dining-room just in time to hear Sukey affirm:

"I dun it, I tells yo', I dun it, and dat's all I will tells yo'."

"Colonel Harcourt," announced the girl steadily, "Sukey didn't do it. I took the knife from her and cut the prisoner loose before she knew what I had in mind."

"Don't youse believe one word dat chile says," protested Sukey.

"It is true," urged Janice, as eager to assume the guilt as five minutes before she had been anxious to escape it, "and if you want proof, you will find the knife on my bed upstairs."

"Oh, missy, missy!" cried Sukey, "wha' fo' youse tell dat? Now dey kill yo' an' not ole Sukey," and the sobs of the slave redoubled as she threw herself on the floor in the intensity of her grief.

It took but few interrogations on the part of Harcourt to wring all the truth from the culprit, and ordering her to follow him to the parlor, he angrily denounced the girl to her parents. Much to her surprise, she found that this latest enormity called forth less of an outburst than her previous misconduct, her father being quite staggered by its daring and seriousness, while Mrs. Meredith, with a sudden display of maternal tenderness that Janice had not seen for years, took the girl in her arms, and tried to soothe and comfort her.

One more friend in need proved to be Evatt, who, when Harcourt declared that the girl should be carried to Princeton in the morning, along with Lee, that Lord Cornwallis might decide as to her punishment, sought to make the officer take less summary measures, but vainly, except to win the concession that if Hennon recaptured the prisoner he would take a less drastic course. The morrow brought a return of the pursuing party, empty-handed, and in a hasty consultation it was agreed that the squire should accompany Janice, leaving Mrs. Meredith under the protection of Philemon; an arrangement by no means pleasing to the young lieutenant, and made the less palatable by the commissary's announcement that he should retrace his own steps to Princeton in the hope of being of service to his friends. Philemon's protests were ineffectual, however, to secure any amendment, and the sleigh, with Brereton's mare and Joggles to pull it, received the three, and, together with Lee and the escort, set out for headquarters about noon.

With the arrival at Nassau Hall, then serving as barracks for the force centred there, a fresh complication arose, for Colonel Harcourt learned that Lord Cornwallis, having seen his force safely in winter quarters at Princeton, Trenton, and Burlington, had departed the day previous for New York, while General Grant, who succeeded him, was still at Trenton. Taking the night

to consider what was best to be done, Harcourt made up his mind to carry his prisoners to New York, a decision which called forth most energetic protests from the squire, who had contrived in the doings of the last two days to take cold, and now asserted that an attack of the gout was beginning. His pleadings were well seconded by Mr. Evatt, and not to harass too much one known to be friendly both to the cause and to the commander-in-chief, the colonel finally consented that the fate of Janice should be left to the general in command. This decided, Lee was once more mounted, and captive and captors set about retracing their steps, while the sleigh carried the squire and Janice, under guard, on to Trenton, Mr. Meredith having elected to make the short trip to that town rather than await the indefinite return of Grant.

It was dusk when they reached Trenton, and once more they were doomed to a disappointment, for the major-general had departed to Mount Holly. Mr. Meredith's condition, as well as nightfall, put further travel out of the question, and an appeal was made to Rahl, the Hessian colonel commanding the brigade which held the town, to permit them to remain, which, thanks to the influence of Evatt, was readily granted, on condition that they could find quarters for themselves.

"No fear," averred the squire cheerily. "I'll never want for sup or bed in Trenton while Thomas Drinker lives."

"Ach!" exclaimed the colonel. "Dod iss mein blace ver I sleeps and eats und drinks. Und all bessitzen you will it find."

Notwithstanding the warning, the sleigh was driven to the Drinkers' door, now flanked by a battery of field-pieces, and in front of which paced sentries, who refused to let them pass. Their protests served to attract the attention of the inmates, and brought the trio of Drinkers running to the door; in another moment the two girls were locked in each other's arms, while Mr. Meredith put his question concerning possible hospitality.

"Ay, in with you all, Friend Lambert," cried Mr. Drinker, leading the way. "Thee'll find us pushed into the garret, and forced to eat at second table, while our masters take our best, but of what they leave us thou shalt have thy share."

"Is't so bad as that?" marvelled Mr. Meredith, as, passing by the parlor, he was shown into the kitchen, and a chair set for him before the fire.

"Thee knows the tenets of our faith, and that I accept them," replied the Quaker. "Yet the last few days have made me feel that non-resistance—"

"Thomas!" reproved his sister. "Say it not, for when the curse is o'er 'twill grieve thee to have even thought it."

If the tempered spirit of the elders spoke thus, it was more than the warm blood of youth could do, and Tabitha gave a loose to her woes.

"'Tis past endurance!" she cried, "to come and treat us all as if we were enemies who had no right even to breathe. They take possession of our houses and turn them into pig-sties with their filthy German ways; they eat our best and make us slave for them day and night; they plunder as they please, not merely our cattle and corn, so that we are forced to beg back from them the very food we eat, but take as well our horses, our silver, our clothes, and whatever else happens to please their fancy. The regiment of Lossberg has at this moment nine wagon loads of plunder in the Fremantle barn. No woman is safe on the streets after nightfall, and scarcely so in the daytime, while night after night the town rings with their drunken carousals. I told Friend Penrhyn the other night that if he had the

spunk of a house cat he would get something to fight with, if 'twere nothing better than a toasting-fork tied to a stick, and cross the river to Washington; and so I say to every man who stays in Trenton. I only wish I were a man!"

"Hush, Tabitha!" chided Miss Drinker, "'tis God's will that we suffer as we do, and thee should bow to it."

"I don't believe it's God's will that we should be turned out of our rooms and made to live in the garret, or even in the barns, as some are forced to do; I don't believe it's God's will that they should have taken our silver tea-service and spoons. If God is just, He must want Washington to beat them, and so every man would be doing God's work who went to help him." Evidently with whatever strength her father and aunt held to their tenets of their sect, Tabitha's was not sufficiently ingrained to stand the test of the Hessian occupation.

"Dost think it is God's work to kill fellow-mortals?" expostulated Miss Drinker. "No more of such talk, child; it is time we were making ready for supper."

There was, however, very much more talk of this kind over the hastily improvised meal, and small wonder for it. In a town of less than a thousand inhabitants, nearly thirteen hundred troops, with their inevitable camp followers, were forcibly quartered, filling every house and every barn, to the dire discomfort of the people. As if this in itself were not enough, the Hessian soldiery, habituated to the plundering of European warfare, and who had been sold at so much per head by their royal rulers to fight another country's battles, brought with them to America ideas of warfare which might serve to conquer, but would never serve to pacify England's colonies. Open and violent seizure had been made, without regard to the political tenets of the owner, of every kind of provision; and this had generally been accompanied by stealthy plundering of much else by the common soldiery, and, indeed, by some of the officers. Thus, in every way, despite their submissions and oaths of allegiance to King George, the Jerseymen were being treated as if they were enemies.

Of this treatment the Drinker family was a fair example. Without so much as "by your leave," Colonel Rahl had taken possession of the first two floors of their house for himself and the six or seven officers whom he made his boon companions. Moreover, Mr. Drinker was called upon to furnish food, firewood, and even forage for them; while his servants were compelled to labor from morning till night in the service of the new over-lords.

When the squire, after his fatiguing day, was compelled, along with his host and hostess and the girls, to climb two flights of stairs to an ice-cold garret, his loyalty was little warmer than the atmosphere, and when the five were further forced to make the best they could of two narrow trundle-beds, but a brief time before deemed none too good for the colored servants, with a scanty supply of bedclothes to eke the discomfort, he became quite of the same mind with Tabitha. Even the most flaming love of royalty and realm serves not to keep warm toes extended beyond short blankets at Christmas-tide. It is not strange that late in December, 1776, all Jersey was mined with discontent, and needed but the spark of Continental success to explode.

Evatt had left his friends after the interview with Rahl, to quarter himself upon an army acquaintance, and thus knew nothing of the hardships to which they were subjected. When he heard in the morning how they had fared, he at once sought the commander, and by a shrewd exaggeration of the Merediths' relations

(Continued on page 18)



DRAWN BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS



DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY A. B. WENZELL

AT THE PLAY

"Don't you think we may as well go?"
 "But there is still another act."
 "That's what I mean."

LONDON LETTER

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

LONDON, March 23, 1899

THE SCANDALS about President Faure having been poisoned or made to overeat and over-drink himself so recklessly that death ensued, perished of their own silliness. But it still remains an open secret that the office literally killed the man. At such times as these which are now bubbling and fermenting in France, a ruler of great mental force was needed and one of firm emotional self-control. The best friends of M. Faure could hardly venture to affirm him either. He was martyred by the Dreyfus affair, that octopus of evil. Its antennae have twisted themselves round more than one reputation, dragging it down into shame. Such hideous embrace he, poor man, did not escape. It would be hard to imagine dignity worn with more lurid flashes in its purple folds. A fierce light of suspicion, inquiry, arraignment, forever beat upon his most trivial actions and words. He strove to steer a middle course, to placate the army, with its insufferable arrogance and its maddening deceit, to propitiate the civilians, torn by factious prejudice and volcanic with conflicting throes. What wonder that the terrible stringency of his position laid him low at last? M. Loubet, who succeeds him, is *bourgeois*, they tell us, to the bone. All the better. He should then have the nerves that belong to hewers of wood and drawers of water—which means no nerves at all. Men of iron are alone needed, now, for the direction of French affairs. Presidents there have all the publicity of kings, but none of that divinity which of old was believed to hedge them. They must bestride a vicious steed and ride it with a heavy bit, mindful that this could never be so strongly wrought as to prevent, at any moment, savage equine teeth from clutching it. Everybody here is sorry at the swift taking-off of Faure. But many are also sorry for M. Loubet—and with reasons obvious to all.

We talk of American enterprise in the way of advertisement, but here is the *dernier cri* of a London editor. From the office of his magazine he has lately forwarded certain pudding-basins, full of gelatinous matter, to a number of eminent writers. He requests these gentlemen that they will have the viscous

stuff warmed (whatever it may be), and that they will put one naked foot into it, and return it at earliest convenience. Men of letters, like other mortals, are not exempt from the occasional charge of "putting their foot into it," but the editor to whom I refer wishes the foot "pressed well down." He intends to have a cast made from the mold thus furnished, and to employ photography in reproducing the latter for his periodical. How many authors have seriously treated this original summons I am as yet unable to disclose. But if the self-respect of the guild is not eclipsed by its vanity, there are strong chances that some of their feet will itch to kick rather than obey. And some of the replies which this bold editor will doubtless receive cannot fail of being rather ironic. It would test his courage and challenge his "cheek," I imagine, to print them openly, hereafter—say as foot-notes.

Very many of the questions which have arisen during the present session of both Houses are of meagre interest to people of other lands. Mr. Labouchere, however, has of late begun to light the rather grayish languor of the Opposition benches with something of his old polemic fire by moving an amendment against the unrestricted veto of the House of Lords. He was beaten by a majority of 118, but then it should be considered that the Lords for several years past have not made use of their prerogative in any emphatic way. Still, it is urged that they never approve progressive undertakings except at the entreaty or threat of some Conservative minister. Few for an instant doubt that the Peers know what prodigious peril would lie in wait for them if they should treat Liberalism with the arrogance of former days. But, nevertheless, they can be very decidedly the slaves of party, as their opponents often complain. It was Mr. Goschen who once affirmed, while he was still a Radical, that they deport themselves, when called upon for definite measures, like a committee of the Carlton Club. Disraeli, though he afterward led the Tory party, once called this assemblage an organized hypocrisy. Mr. Labouchere may be aiming hereafter to compass its destruction, which would mean revolution, as he well knows. That he really shrinks from revolution what student of his past political career will dispute? But he recognizes the tumult and upheaval that any such sudden shock would produce, and hence he feels, most probably, that by

seeking limitation of veto-power to one Session it would be best to try for the achievement of a gradual collapse. Their veto-power once gone from the Lords, as every sane Englishman will concede, they become at once a very harmless gathering. It is widely felt here, if I mistake not, that the exercise of the royal veto to-day would mean the overthrow of the Throne. But the Guelphs are replete with discretion. They remember their ancestral Georges, who made monarchy almost totter to its fall, and perhaps they remember as well the sins of the Stuarts, the folly of the Long Parliament, the Trial of the Bishops, the inflexibility of Hampden, the world-thrilling execution at Whitehall, and a few other episodes equally pregnant with import. No member of the Royal Family remains more popular than the Prince of Wales, but a friend who was present, the other night, when he made a speech at the great dinner of the College of Surgeons, told me that his appearance had of late undergone a marked change. He has always spoken with a German accent, but this has now entered also into his personnel, and increasing flesh has not wrought happily with the general Hannoverian presentment. The Prince made, however, a most apt and affable speech. "Strange, is it not?" my friend continued. "Here have these royal folk been living in Great Britain ever since Queen Anne died, living an English life, with its extravagant veneration of sport, the army, *et cetera*, and yet always retaining the old type of George I. and his Schwellenburgs! It really struck me as pathetic to hear the Prince pounding out his compliments to Surgery and Medicine in a foreigner's dialect. His whole demeanor, the other night, implied as follows: 'I am put a poor foreign brinze, here on sufferance, in a country naddrally averse to royal rule. Shentlemen and my lords, I will do my best to merit a condunance of your orders, py being scrubulously bolite to you all, py always being bunctual, by inzizzing only on the minimum of gourtly etiquette, and by braising all you hold most sacred. In return for this boliteness, please keep us on the Throne, and give us some dinners, now and then, and blendy of champagne, and we shall get along very well together.' . . . This is ribaldry," ended my interlocutor, "but it is what I could not help feeling." Thousands of other Englishmen, I am very certain, feel the same way.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

MR. A. B. WENZELL, SOCIETY ILLUSTRATOR, DEPARTS THIS MONTH FOR EUROPE. DURING THE SUMMER HE WILL DEPICT FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY, IN HIS USUAL EXQUISITE STYLE, ILLUSTRATIONS OF BRILLIANT EVENTS IN LONDON AND PARIS, SUCH AS THE HENLEY REGATTA, THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM, THE GRAND PRIX, ETC. MR. WENZELL'S DRAWINGS WILL ADD AN ENTIRELY NOVEL AND REFRESHING GLIMPSE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE AS IT EXISTS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

THE OPERA AND DRAMA

HOW JEROME K. JEROME must regret having written "Stageland." If you have happened to see the little book, you will remember that in it Mr. Jerome devotes himself to holding up to ridicule the conventions of the theatre. Now, every time he writes a play, the critics remind him with derision of that early work, for Mr. Jerome's pieces are conventional to the last degree. Take, for example, "John Ingerfield," which the Lyceum Theatre Stock Company was forced to produce by the failure of "Americans at Home." It consists of nothing but mechanical artifices that have for many weary years done service in the playhouse.

John Ingerfield, candlemaker, decides, at the age of thirty-five, to take a wife and to enter London society. As he knows no young ladies, he employs a friend to secure a wife for him. The girl chosen, explains that she does not expect love, as she has none left in her heart to offer in return. In the second act, during a party, which the Ingerfields are giving in London, we learn why the Mrs. John Ingerfield thought she could never love again. Her former admirer has returned to her side, and urges her to go abroad with him. Just as she is leaving, she hears that typhus fever has broken out in the candle-works, and she declares that she will assist her husband in nursing the sick. In the third act, we are permitted to see the Ingerfields in their country home, battling with disease. They seem to enjoy the work, especially the wife, who acts as if she were at a picnic. The whole act is written in the vein of comedy, and makes a nice exhibition of Mr. Jerome's seriousness and taste. Besides, for long stretches, it persistently "marks time," as a clever actor of my acquaintance says. When it is over, you discover that all the tedious manœuvres were devised in order to unite the Ingerfields in deep and lasting affection.

In theme, in sentiment, and in characterization, the play is false from beginning to end. And yet the story is fairly entertaining, and, to be honest, it is the kind of play that people enjoy. The Lyceum Company make it seem, on the whole, as plausible as perhaps it could be made. Miss Mary Mannering looks very charming as the wife, and acts gracefully, though she occasionally falls into an artificiality that seems to be growing on her. As the husband, Mr. Edward Morgan has a part well suited to his lugubrious and stilted manner, and he delivers most of his lines in his usual sing-song. Mr. Courtleigh is disappointing as the wife's tempter; but then, his long love scene during that party is so tiresome and absurd, it is doubtful if any actor could have made it seem endurable.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske is now passing through a very interesting period in her career. For many years the public refused to make her a favorite; then she produced "Tess," and, heralded by the critics as a great actress, she enjoyed public approval for more than a year. At the Fifth Avenue Theatre she is now trying new pieces, and thus far she cannot be said to have kept a grip on her popularity. She has succeeded neither as Magda nor as Frou-Frou. Lately she has reappeared as Cyrienne in "Divorçons," one of the most charming comedies ever written by Sardou, which she presented for the first time at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last summer, and in which her sophisticated methods find a delightful and natural expression. In the same bill she is giving also a very unusual and interesting "curtain-raiser," called "Little Italy," by a writer whose name is not familiar to the theatre, Mr. Horace B. Fry. A home-sick Neapolitan woman is pining away in the Italian quarter of New York in the society of her coarse but simple-hearted husband and his first wife's child. The woman hears a street musician singing Neapolitan airs, and begs that he be allowed to teach them to her. The husband consents, and introduces the musician, who proves to be the woman's former lover. When the two are left alone, the woman is persuaded to elope. She writes a farewell letter in English, pins it on the door, and avoids meeting her husband by descending in the dumb-waiter. When the husband returns he finds the letter, and as he knows very little English, he asks the child to read it to him. At first he is stricken dumb with horror and grief; then his wild rage breaks out and he vows vengeance. Just as he starts in pursuit of the lovers, he hears cries outside, and the musician and the neighbors rush in, bearing the body of the woman. The broken rope of the dumb-waiter is then disclosed. The husband throws himself in an outburst of pity beside the wife. Then he suddenly attacks the lover, but is restrained by the warning, "If you kill me you will go to Sing Sing. And who then will take care of the child?" Now, there is genuine tragedy here, and "Little Italy" moved the audience deeply. It was so good that it seemed a great pity it should not have been altogether good. Its faults were definite faults, which might easily have been corrected. The appeal of the woman to be allowed to learn her native



MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

songs seemed, on the stage, altogether insignificant and foolish. The motive might easily have been strengthened if the audience had been made clearly to understand that the woman knew the musician was her lover. This knowledge would also have given strength to the meeting of the lovers. At present their meeting seems wholly gratuitous; moreover, it is a surprise, and, as I noted in speaking of Mr. Herne's "Griffith Davenport," surprises on the stage are nearly always comic. The reading of the farewell letter by the child, which sounds so pathetic, rather missed fire. A simpler device would have been much more impressive.

Among the actors, all the honors were won by Mr. Frederic de Belleville as the husband. Mrs. Fiske was not able, as they say in "Trelawney," "to get near" the difficult part of the wife. In her black wig and with her stained face, she looked the woman well enough, and she played with a certain intensity; but she achieved no real illusion. Her clear-cut, dry and well-bred enunciation kept strenuously denying the reality



HERR SONNENTHAL

of what she was trying to do. As the lover, Mr. Tyrone Power played much as Mrs. Fiske played. He had created a first-rate make-up, but he was miscast. Think of giving to an actor of heavy parts a character that should have been assigned to a light eccentric comedian.

Our very brilliant season is to be made even more brilliant by the appearance in New York this month of one of the greatest actors of his generation, Herr Sonnenthal. He has been brought for a second time to the Irving Place Theatre by that most ambitious of managers, Heinrich Conried, who, under great disadvantages, does more for dramatic art than any other manager in New York City. As Herr Sonnenthal speaks in German, he will be enjoyed almost wholly by our German-speaking play-goers; and yet, he is so great an artist that even those lovers of the drama who do not know his language ought to hear him. He stands, in relation to dramatic art in Germany, much as Edwin Booth stood in relation to the theatre in this country. His appearances here will compensate for the absence of that delightful German actress, Frau Agnes Sorma, who is said to have been persuaded to abandon her return visit on account of fear of our awful Theatrical Trust! Frau Sorma's appearances here, however, have led to one good result for our theatre, in the translation for use by Mr. E. H. Sothern of Gerhardt Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," the most poetic work written by a modern dramatist. Perhaps Herr Sonnenthal's visit may stimulate some interest among us in the classical drama of Germany, which, as Mr. William Archer recently pointed out in his lecture at Columbia College, has been sadly neglected by English adapters of plays. JOHN D. BARRY.

OPERA IN SAN FRANCISCO

This evening a new season of Grand Opera will open at the Grand Opera House, with the artists whose names are familiar to New York audiences. Music lovers will miss the two De Reszkes and Nordica, but Melba, De Lussan, and Gadske are here, besides other *prime donne* of less note, and the male rôles will be sung by Bonnard, Pandolfini, Bondouresque, Teppili, De Vries, and others. The repertory will comprise the popular operas of the day; the leading feature, perhaps, being a performance of "La Bohème," the like of which, it is said, has never been heard in New York. The season opens with "Faust"—Melba, of course, being the Marguerite.

Mr. Charles Ellis, the impresario, has followed the example of Grau and Mapleson in his schedule of prices; but instead of seven dollars for a single seat, he is contented with five. After the season ticket for two and the carriage are paid for, the change out of ten double eagles will fit into a small waistcoat pocket. From this we learn that though last year's wheat crop was a failure, and the outlook for this year's crop is not promising, San Francisco has plenty of money to spend on pleasures. From the advance sale, it is inferred that to-night's receipts will not fall short of twelve thousand five hundred dollars, and the gross receipts for the season are expected to reach one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. It is thus easy to understand Henry Irving's remark that he had taken in more money during his two weeks' engagement at this same Opera House than he had received in any previous two weeks of his theatrical career. The gifted Englishman is said to have lodged ninety thousand dollars in bank.

San Francisco smiles sunnily on the songbirds. Madame Melba describes her departure from Denver at midnight with the thermometer below zero, and her journey over the continental divide with twenty feet of snow visible on either side of her car. When the sun rose on the top of the sierra and gilded her path down the western slope she clapped her hands at the sight of peach blossoms on one side and cherry buds on the other; for she had exchanged bitter winter for balmy spring, and reached the land where a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast.

She will sing in a house of classic memories. It was built twenty years ago by the bonanza kings; they planted it in Mission Street, a block from the Palace Hotel, because every one could see that that was to be the avenue of wealth and fashion. Each of them reserved a proscenium box, to entertain foreign royalty and nobility. Now Mission Street is abandoned to second-hand dealers, furniture stores, and undertakers' "parlors"; the Opera House has been for many years the home of cheap melodrama; Messrs. Mackay and Flood have surrendered their boxes to the lessee, and, except when a rare attraction comes, the two thousand seats which the house contains are tenanted nightly by admirers of the blood-curdling drama of "The Virtuous Apprentice and the Lascivious Baron."

JOHN BONNER.

WEBER

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LITERATURE.

BISMARCK. THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN. New York: Harper & Bros.

"Bismarck, the Man and the Statesman," is the official title of the book more generally known as "Bismarck's Autobiography," the first name being printed on the back, the other on the cover of the two octavo volumes. This work is to be distinguished from the Bismarck memoir which came from the pen of Dr. Busch, and which was published a few months ago. "Bismarck, the Man and the Statesman," we are also officially told, comprises the Prince's "reflections and reminiscences . . . written and dictated by himself after his retirement from office." The German text is not before the reviewer, but he gathers from the Harpers' American edition that Bismarck's friend, Lothar Bucher, man of letters and former diplomat, took notes in shorthand dictated by the sometime Chancellor, which were afterward worked out by Bismarck himself, either with or without Bucher's assistance.

The translation, one judges, is, on the whole, a good one. But the task has been done with slight unevenness, due, no doubt, to extreme haste. Such a term as "cocksureness" is not proper to be used in connection with dignified matter, clothed by the author in a more than passably good literary form, besides which that particular word has no exact equivalent in the original language. Substantives are begun with capitals in German, and ought certainly so to be printed when they are reproduced, not only in German, but in Italian. An elementary knowledge of German should be sufficient to prevent such a mistake as *glücklich* being translated "fortunate" instead of "happy." The volumes are none too solidly and scrupulously bound, but the paper is thick and the type clear. So much for externals.

To the graphologist, a fac-simile of Bismarck's autograph, which appears under his portrait in the second volume, will tell a long tale. Huge power, above all, speaks from that massive signature. Weight, energy,

decision, boldness, a disdain of little things, scruples perhaps included, seems to be the message of the autograph. The biography itself, consisting in large part of letters, bears the following important characteristics very clearly:

Otto von Bismarck-Schönhausen is omniscient, whether an idle spectator of the sights of a foreign town or whether scrutinizing the motives of his political opponents. He is an able linguist, quoting freely in French and Latin, or using those languages to express himself originally, and he has some ancient Greek at his command, and some Russian too. Some of his letters are enormously long and elaborately explicit. Ordinary men's letters are short and jumbled, because ordinary men have nothing to say, and do not know how to say it. The academician and the diplomat both show themselves in his pages. His style is cultivated, and his powers of analysis are those of the speculative philosopher. His bullying and blackguardism, one cannot help thinking, must have been done politely. Such a complete understanding of the teaching of political history is rarely seen; the wonderful letter to General von Gerlach, written from Frankfurt in 1857, exemplifies this. For an argument, or a move, the Prince is never at a loss. He seems to know exactly what everybody ought to have done under circumstances that happened, and what he himself would do under any circumstances that might happen. One cannot imagine that any sort of emergency would take him by surprise. Needless to say, perhaps, that to fathom an intrigue would be a mere amusement to such a mind. Imperious and conscious of his own worth, Bismarck exhibits entire independence of intellect. He is quite outspoken, afraid of offending no one, Kaiser or Crown Prince. He has debated about things very fully with himself, but once his opinions settled, they become facts, which he is ready to defend against Heaven itself, or, what is more difficult, against the Reichstag.

(Continued on page 19)

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

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shoes nor blankets, and die mit cold und hunger. Dey vil not cross to dis side, mooch ice or no ice, but if dey do, we prisoners of dem make."

And once more the toasting and merry-making was resumed.

With not a little foresight the three ladies had availed themselves of the lull to escape from the festival to their own room, where, not content with locks and bolts, nothing would do Miss Drinker, as the sounds below swelled in volume and laxity, but that the heavy bureau should be moved against the door as an additional barrier.

"Our peril is dire," she admonished the girls, "and if to-morrow's sun finds me escaped unharmed I shall thank Heaven indeed." Then she proceeded to lecture Janice. "Be assured these must have given the lewd creatures some encouragement or they would never have dared a familiarity. Not a one of them showed me the slightest disrespect!"

"Oh, Jan," whispered Tibbie, once they were in bed and snuggled close together, "if thee hadst been kissed!"

"What then?" questioned the maiden.

"It would be so horrible to be kissed by a man!" declared the friend.

"Wilt promise to never, never tell?" asked Janice, with bated breath.

"Cross my heart," vowed Tabitha.

"It—well—I— It isn't as terrible as you'd think, Tibbie!"

(To be continued)

LITERATURE

THE SPIRIT OF PLACE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By ALICE MEYNELL. New York: John Lane.

ETHEREAL sensitiveness to æsthetic beauty, and obscurity in moral meanings, are the primal qualities of Mrs. Meynell's Essays. "Horizon" is apparently, and "Shadows" evidently, the product of the eye alone. It is in "Rain," "Solitude," and "The Spirit of Place" that the writer's dreamy fingering of the minutest, most elusive, scarce tangible chords of the natural world is the accompaniment to the tune of her soul. She seems to be scarcely thinking then, much less calculating, but seems wrapt in reverie. Hence, perhaps, the fine literary effects and the want of definiteness and force. Mrs. Meynell would rather have her thoughts dimly inferred than plainly grasped. But the penalty of her sweet reticence is, that the reader is limited to complacent admiration. Surely abundance of human sympathy is shown in "Have Patience, Little Saint," and erudition, unparaded, in "The Lady of the Lyrics," an essay in literary criticism. The penetration, clearness, vigor, and power to convince of a further critical piece, "The Ladies of the Idyl," are astonishing in a writer of whom one would complain that she does not come to the point.

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Of the way in which deep ethical questions of sex affected a German woman, Rudolf Gohn's "The Old Adam and the New Eve" informs us. Those who like Ibsen will like this book; those who don't most probably won't.

D'Annunzio's "Child of Pleasure" resembles that author's "Triumph of Death," in its trenchant, uncompromising psychology, its erudition, its poetic style, its daring thought, its true depiction of the course and consequences of ill-bestowed, unbridled, unprincipled sex-passion. "Child of Pleasure" is by no means an improving book, but it is a fine piece of literary work.

"Niobe" represents the fiction of Norway, on Richmond & Son's international bulletin. It is by Jonas Lie, a name sufficient to recommend the story, which is of the strenuous, dramatic, exciting order—to be read through at a sitting.

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THE ELECTION OF A PRESIDENT AT YALE

AN EVENT of especial interest in the educational world will take place within a few months, in the election of a new president at one of our oldest and largest universities.

Successful and progressive communities have always been those where the most serious efforts were made toward providing satisfactory means of education for the children of the members of those communities. As Wendell Phillips has said, "Education is the only interest worthy the deep controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man." In no case has this been more marked than in the history of American colonization. Only six years after the settlement of Boston and only sixteen from the landing at Plymouth these undaunted colonists took counsel how they might best establish a seminary of learning, and Harvard College was the result. Then troublous times arose, and the necessities of defence held in check further progress for a time; but as soon as peace was concluded between England and France at Ryswick, in 1697, the English colonists in America could once more turn their thoughts to the foundation of colleges. In Connecticut there had been for some time a feeling that there was need of some closer union among the ministers and churches and the advancement of the religious interests of the colony. When the founding of a college was first talked of it was proposed that a general synod of all the churches should be called to initiate the movement, and that they should found a college, or the "School of the Churches," as it was called.

There is still among the archives of the university a paper upon the subject by the Rev. Cotton Mather of Boston. This plan was that the synod should appoint a president and ten "inspectors," under whose government the college should be placed; that it should make a formal confession of faith which should be imposed upon the president and inspectors. But the times were not yet ripe for such a synod, so that a slight change in the plan was made, and some time in the year 1699 or 1700 it was agreed that ten of the principal ministers of the colony should be selected "to stand as trustees or undertakers to found, erect and govern the college" which later became known as Yale. Seven of these trustees were identified with the towns of early New Haven jurisdiction, and were the Rev. Israel Chauncy, son of the second president of Harvard College, and himself a Harvard graduate; the Rev. Thomas Buckingham, the only one of the trustees who had not received a degree from Harvard; the Rev. Abraham Pierson, the Rev. Samuel Andrew, the Rev. James Pierpont, the Rev. Noadiah Russel, and the Rev. Joseph Webb. The three trustees selected at large were Rev. James Noyes, the Rev. Samuel Mather, and the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge.

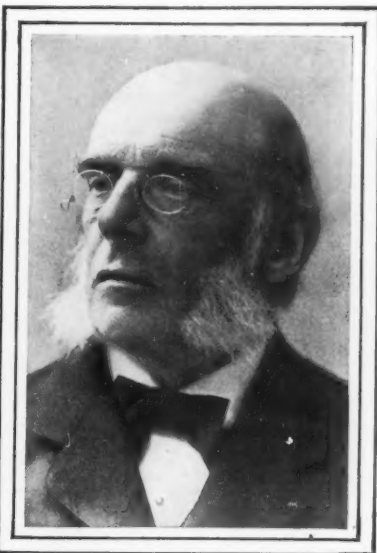
In the charter which was later granted the presiding officer was called the rector or master, and those assisting him in the instructions of the pupils, tutors or ushers; the terms being in modest contradistinction to those used at Harvard of "President" and "Fellows." As Judge Sewall and Secretary Addington say in the letter which accompanied the draft of the charter, "We on purpose gave your academy as low a name as we could, that it might the better stand in wind and weather."

The charter secured, the trustees held their meeting at Saybrook, November 11, 1701. Their first act was to declare that the purpose and design of founding the college was "to propagate the Reformed Protestant Religion in the purity of its order and worship." They subsequently stated that in their judgment the best means of doing this was "the liberal education of suitable youth."

The Rev. Israel Chauncy was then elected rector. He excused himself upon the plea "of age and other circumstances alleged." (He was at that time fifty-six years of age.) The Rev. Abraham Pierson was then elected, and the trustees proceeded to define the duties of the rector. These were as follows:

To instruct and ground the students in theoretical divinity, and not allow them to be instructed in any other system than such as was appointed by the trustees. To take care that they be "Weekly caused memoriter to recite the Assembly's Catechism in Latin and Ames's 'Theological Theses,' of which, as also of Ames's 'Cases of Conscience,' he shall make such explanations as may be most conducive to their establishment in the principles of the Christian Religion."

To cause the Scripture to be read daily, expound upon the Sabbath practical theology or cause the non-graduated students to repeat sermons, and in the edu-



REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT.
The retiring President of Yale University.

cation of the students at all times to promote the purity and power of religion and the best edification of these New England churches.

In 1708, the affairs of the colony being perturbed, a synod was called at Saybrook, the day after the Commencement Day of the college, to draw up an ecclesiastical constitution for the colony. Of the twelve ministers forming this synod, nine were trustees of the college. After the constitution was adopted, the trustees adopted it for the college also, and required that henceforth all officers of the college should, upon being introduced into office, give assent to them.

In the summer of 1722 there came rumors of a suspicion as to the religious views of the then rector and some of his associates. The colony was alarmed and the trustees, on the day after Commencement, invited the rec-



PROF. ARTHUR HADLEY.
A prominent candidate for the Yale presidency.

tor and the others to meet them in the college library "with no other expectation than that these gentlemen might clear themselves of every unfavorable suspicion." It then appeared, to the great grief of the trustees, "that some of these gentlemen entertained doubts as to the validity of their ordination." These offenders were then permitted to resign.

There is a strange coincidence in that one of the now quite prominent candidates for the presidency, in an address at the United Church on "The Influence of Theology on Christianity," should have made use of these words:

"The life of the spirit is little fed by theological beliefs. There are things too deep for belief. The Christian Church has done a great mis-service to the cause she was meant to promote by imposing upon her children theological doctrines. To exclude all members from the church who do not believe in the articles of faith—about which scholars disagree—is a sin. All tendencies of modern thought are toward the belief of St. James, putting steadily more and more emphasis on Christian conduct and less and less on what the church puts forth as belief."

The corporation of Yale consists of the following gentlemen, six of whom, the lay members, take the place formerly occupied by the six senior Senators of the State:

Rev. Burdett Hart, New Haven, Conn.
Rev. Joseph W. Backus, Farmington, Conn.
Hon. Frederick J. Kingsbury, Waterbury, Conn.
Rev. Theodore T. Munger, New Haven, Conn.
Rev. Joseph Anderson, Waterbury, Conn.
Rev. George Leon Walker, Hartford, Conn.
Hon. Henry E. Howland, New York City.
Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, New Haven, Conn.
Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, New York City.
Rev. Edwin P. Parker, Hartford, Conn.
Rev. Augustus F. Beard, Norwalk, Conn.
Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, Hartford, Conn.
Buchanan Winthrop, Esq., New York City.
Rev. James W. Cooper, New Britain, Conn.
Thomas G. Bennett, Esq., New Haven, Conn.
Rev. Timothy Dwight, president; the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, ex-officio.

Upon these gentlemen falls the duty of selecting the next president of Yale University. The men whom they are considering are, so far as any open statements of theirs are concerned, unknown. But shrewd guesses may be hazarded as to the men whom they have in view, and it is already known what men the Alumni have considered as likely to be favorably regarded. The man whose candidacy was most marked a month ago was Judge William Taft of Cincinnati. It is acknowledged on all sides that the progress of the university under such a man as Judge Taft would probably be phenomenal. He has all the power, strength, ambition, and intellect to conduct it in a manner to make it satisfy the ambitions of the most ambitious.

Thomas Thacher of New York was another name which at about the same time was regarded as of equal value to that of Judge Taft's and along much the same lines. But he felt that he could do the university more good in other ways and declined to allow his name to be used.

Many other candidates have been named. Among the clericals, the Rev. Edw. B. Coe of New York City and the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell of Hartford. President Gilman of Johns Hopkins has also been mentioned; so, too, has President Harper of the Chicago University.

The general trend of affairs has been, it is believed, toward breaking the old-established precedent of having a clergyman at the head of the institution, and the corporation are looked upon as favoring an innovation in this respect. It is also believed that they incline more toward the selection of some one intimately connected with the university and its affairs. Judge Simeon E. Baldwin's excellent work in the Law Department, for whose recent progress he is believed to be responsible, renders his candidacy one that is looked upon with a great deal of approval. Professor Arthur Hadley is another man whose possession of the desirable qualities has been conceded and who is looked upon as possessing a large share of the goodwill of the faculty. He seems to be certainly one of the strongest candidates to-day.

Professor Bernadotte Perrin has recently been frequently named. He, like Professor Hadley, would come direct from the faculty and with all the problems of the position fresh in his mind from actual experience.

WALTER CAMP.

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY
ANOTHER liberal education in scientific hockey has been furnished perhaps twenty thousand different people in Greater New York through the visit of the Victorias and the champion Shamrocks, both of Montreal. The following games have been played, the rinks in every instance having been packed with wildly enthusiastic spectators:

March 10.—Vict. vs. 5; Brooklyn, 2.
" 11.—Victoria, 5; All-New York, 4.
" 16.—Shamrock, 5; All-New York, 2.
" 17.—Shamrock, 2; Brooklyn, 2.
" 18.—Shamrock, 9; Brooklyn, 4.

It is much to be regretted that the limitations of space prevent an adequate criticism of these remarkable games. No such hockey has ever been seen here before. Of course, there were details of play which, from a technical standpoint, were not altogether satisfactory, but the general effect was exhilarating and enlivening in the extreme.

Few plays were really poor, and, particularly in the second game, the work was so consistently fast and withal so brilliant that every man may fairly be set down as a star.

It is possible only to furnish a few terse comments on the more striking features of the games. That of the "Vics" against Brooklyn was the first in which the latter have been pushed to their limit, and even then the absence of Kennedy and the unfortunate cut in Murray's arm detracted somewhat from their showing.

What would have been a great game was marred somewhat by long delays caused by several unfortunate

accidents, but occasioned almost invariably by collisions between players of the same side. This was true particularly of Murray's cut and the blow which laid out the plucky Dobby. Any cry of brutality regarding these games is far-fetched. Fast play by strongly-built, determined men is bound to have more or less incidental roughness, and, with a small exception, there was but little of deliberate tripping, hacking or colliding.

Of the two games with the Victorias, that of the All-New York team was by far the more enjoyable. The fast play was longer sustained, the team work unexpectedly better, the accidents fewer, the individual work more brilliant, and the outcome much more uncertain.

The finish was dramatic in a rare degree. The first half saw New York leading by 2-0; in the second half both sides kept scoring, after remarkable series of attacks and repulses, until the tie occurred, shortly before the close of the period. An extra period was started after a short rest, the agreement being to con-



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. BARK
SHAMROCK HOCKEY TEAM—CHAMPIONS OF UNITED STATES AND CANADA, BEATING ALL-AMERICA AT CLERMONT RINK, BROOKLYN, MARCH 16, 1899

time play until one team should score. Then followed a protracted struggle of twenty-nine minutes' actual play, in which the men were kept tearing up and down the rink incessantly until some of them literally rolled on the ice from sheer exhaustion. Brilliant plays followed one another with startling rapidity, until the spectators were almost as wrought up as the players. Drysdale's wonderful stops, some of them made by throwing himself prostrate as Davidson or Bowie shot, saved the game a dozen times for New York, but finally Davidson's unerring aim sent the puck through.

The shots came so thick and with such speed that umpiring, which is never a sinecure, was a work of painful difficulty.

The Victorias were not as strong as last year, even allowing for the much stiffer games they had to face. In their first game they missed McDougall and McLea, but the latter arrived in time for the All-New York game.

Last year they so easily won their games here that they might hardly have expected so severe a tussle

this time; but there was no gentle exercise in their games last week. Any bored feeling they may have had was thoroughly dissipated before they had been on the ice ten minutes. They found repeated occasions for putting forth their best efforts. Occasionally, when in a tight place, Drinkwater, who this year hid his light under a bushel, at point, would rush down the rink in a manner suggesting his brilliant forward work last year.

The Shamrocks played the prettier game of hockey. They are younger and enter into it with more enthusiasm than such old-timers as Grant, Lewis, et al. It was not difficult to see why they won the championship this year. Their four forwards, besides being exceedingly able players individually, put up a combination game which is untouched anywhere. Their defence is not relatively so strong, although in the Stanley Cup series it was good enough to save for them what their forwards had so cleverly won. Their victories in Brooklyn were due to the brilliant scoring

qualities of their forwards, rather than superior defence, eight goals having been scored against the Shamrocks in the three games; or more than has been scored against the Brooklyn in any three league games this winter.

Prettier dodging and passing than Scaulon, Horner, Farrell and Trihey exhibited from first to last would be difficult to find.

Whatever notion the Quaker Citys may have entertained as to their right to rank with the Brooklyn team has been thoroughly dispelled by the victories of the Hockey Club of New York at Philadelphia, 3-2, and of the champion Brooklyn in the Clermont Avenue Rink, 6-2. In this latter game, the superiority of the Brooklyn team was quite apparent.

Having been beaten twice by the Brooklyn and also by the Hockey Club of New York, the Quaker City boys, excellent players as they are, must move into third place in the list of United States teams.

WALTER CAMP.



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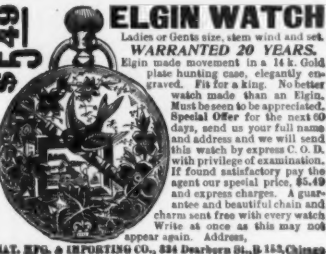


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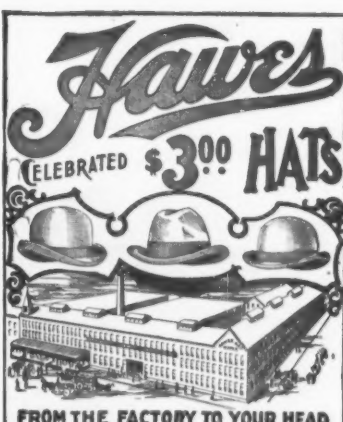


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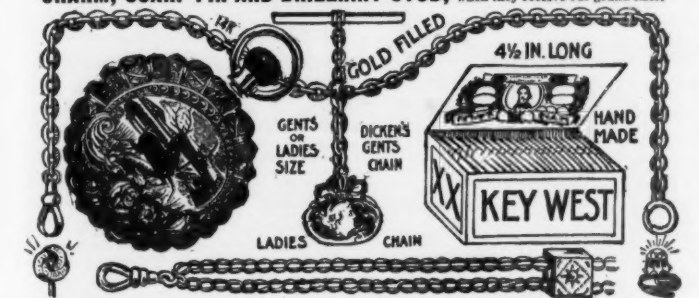
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